

TALES FROM THE FAR, FAR AWAY

STAR WARS



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A long time ago, in a galaxy far,
far away...

STAR WARS

SEEDS OF REBELLION

It is a time of darkness. The Jedi have fallen and the Republic is no more. In the vacuum created by their absence, a new power has risen: the GALACTIC EMPIRE. Once believed to be the galaxy's champions for bringing an end to the war against the Separatists, the EMPIRE has quickly proven to be an evil regime. Systems have suffered under its grasp, and anyone opposed to its rule is eliminated.

But hope survives.

There are still those who remember the Jedi and the Republic, and they are beginning to fight back. They are beginning to join forces.

They are beginning to rebel....



TOUCHING DARKNESS

KIFFU

Sixteen years before
the Battle of Yavin

"THERE'S A DARK PRESENCE OUT
THERE--IT FEELS NEW, BUT IT'S
ALSO, SOMEHOW, FAMILIAR."

"YOU KNOW IT, TOO. OR, IF
YOU DON'T KNOW IT..."

CHRISTOPHISIS

"... YOU'VE
FELT IT."

GIVE UP THIS REBELLION OF YOURS
NOW, AND PREVENT MORE INNOCENT
LIVES FROM BEING LOST.

IF
INNOCENT
LIVES ARE
BEING
LOST...

"WHATEVER IT
IS, IT MOVES
LIKE US, ACTS
LIKE US..."

...IT'S
BECAUSE
OF YOU.

"...FIGHTS
LIKE US."

I WON'T BE
RESPONSIBLE FOR
WHAT NEEDS TO
BE DONE.

DON'T
WORRY--BECAUSE
I'M NOT GOING TO
LET YOU INTERCEPT
OUR SUPPLIES
THIS TIME.

I'M NOT
INTERESTED.
I'M NOT
INTERESTED
IN MORE
FIGHTING.

I'M NOT
INTERESTED
IN ANOTHER
WAR.

GOOD,
BECAUSE I'M
NOT ASKING
YOU TO
JOIN.

I KNOW
YOUR HISTORY.
I KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED TO
YOU.

THIS IS ANOTHER
WAR YOU CANNOT
WIN. ADMIT YOUR
DEFEAT.

"I KNOW
WHAT YOU
DID."

WE WILL
NEVER QUIT.
WE WILL NEVER
BOW TO YOUR
EMPEROR.

IF YOU
THINK I'M SOME
AGENT OF THE
EMPEROR,
YOU'RE MORE
LOST THAN I
THOUGHT.

AND IF YOU
THINK ALL I
WANT IS TO
INTERCEPT
YOUR
SUPPLIES...

"A LINE'S BEEN CROSSED.
THERE'S WARFARE, AND THEN
THERE'S SOMETHING
ELSE."

...YOU'RE
WRONG
ABOUT THAT
AS WELL.

"I THINK THE ONLY WAY TO
DEFEAT THIS DARKNESS IS
TO UNDERSTAND IT."

NO.





THAT'S
WHAT THIS IS
ABOUT? YOU
WANT *ME*
TO TRAIN
YOU?



NO,
QUINLAN. I
WANT YOU
TO HELP
ME.

NO--YOU
WANT ME TO
SHOW YOU
THE *DARK*
SIDE.



BEFORE THIS IS OVER,
YOU'RE GOING TO NEED TO
SAY THOSE WORDS ON YOUR
OWN AND UNDERSTAND WHAT
THEY MEAN. YOU CAN'T
EMBRACE THE DARK
SIDE IF YOU DON'T
ACKNOWLEDGE
IT.

BUT DON'T
WORRY, BECAUSE
I'M GOING TO SHOW
YOU EXACTLY WHAT
YOU NEED TO
SEE.

DATHOMIR

"I'M SURE YOU'VE HEARD THE STORIES. HOW I WAS ON A MISSION TO KILL DOOKU. HOW I PARTNERED WITH ASAJJ AND SHE TURNED ME TO THE DARK SIDE."

IT'S TRUE. ALL OF IT.

BUT WHAT MOST PEOPLE DON'T KNOW IS THAT I LOVED HER. ASAJJ AND I WERE IN LOVE. I WAS READY TO LEAVE THE JEDI ORDER BEFORE SHE... BEFORE DOOKU KILLED HER.

I LAID HER TO REST HERE SO SHE COULD BE WITH HER FELLOW NIGHTSISTERS. SO SHE COULD FIND PEACE AT LAST.

BECAUSE, TRY AS I MIGHT, I WAS NEVER ABLE TO GIVE HER THAT PEACE. I THOUGHT I COULD. BUT IN THE END, IN THE END...

...I CAN BLAME DOOKU ALL I WANT, BUT THE TRUTH IS THAT SHE DIED BECAUSE OF ME.

BECAUSE OF CHOICES I MADE.

THAT'S WHAT THE DARK SIDE DOES TO YOU. YOU THINK YOU CAN COMPROMISE JUST A LITTLE BIT, YOU THINK YOU CAN USE IT AS AN MEANS TO JUSTIFY NOBLE ENDS. BELIEVE ME--YOU CAN'T.

AND THAT'S WHY I'LL NEVER BRING YOU ANYWHERE NEAR THE DARK SIDE.

WHAT?

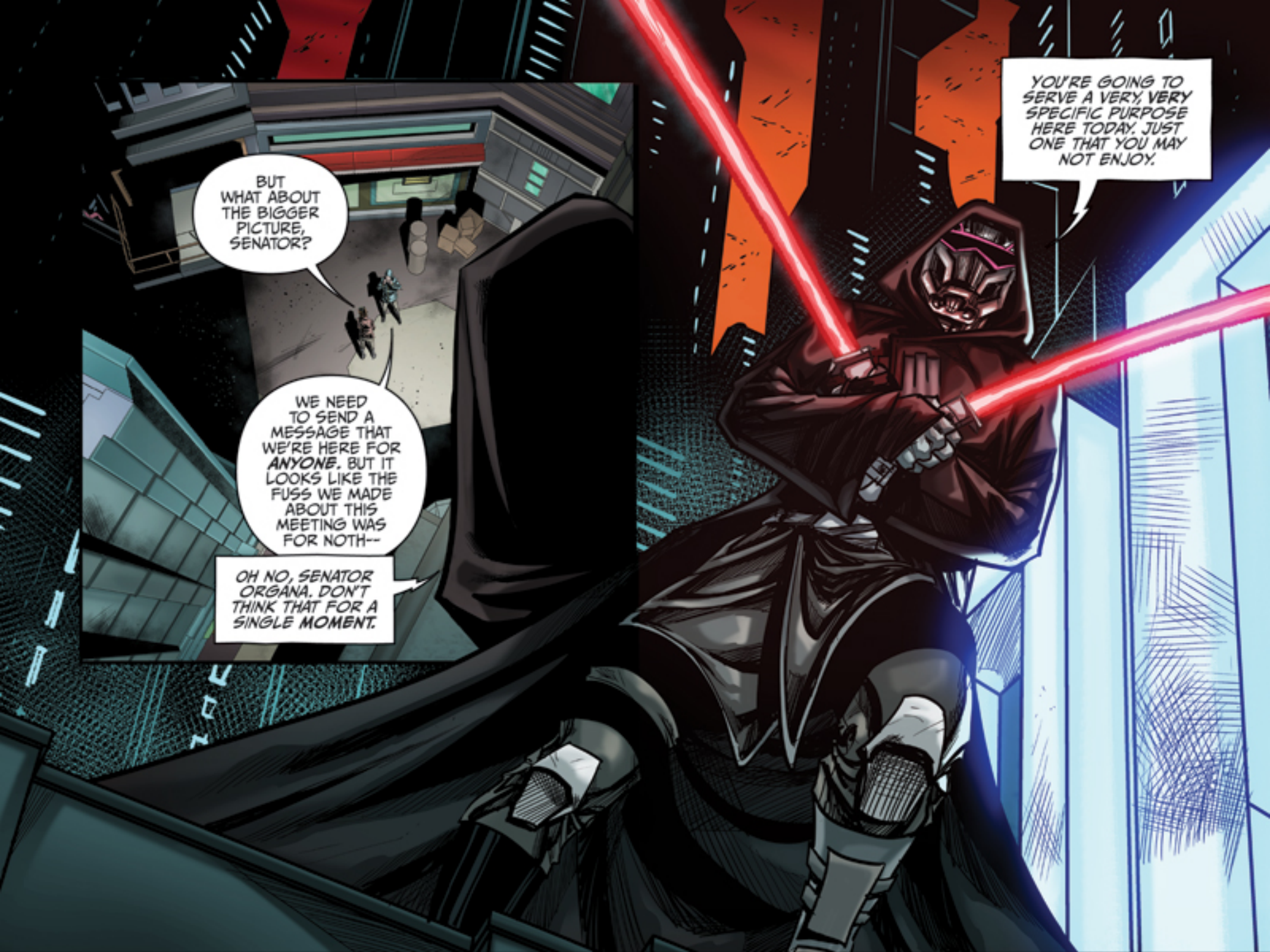
THE DARK SIDE NEVER ALLOWS YOU TO HAVE WHAT YOU WANT. YOU'LL NEVER BE SATISFIED BECAUSE YOU'LL ALWAYS CRAVE MORE.



CORUSCANT

"I HAVE A BAD
FEELING ABOUT
THIS, SENATOR."





BUT
WHAT ABOUT
THE BIGGER
PICTURE,
SENATOR?

WE NEED
TO SEND A
MESSAGE THAT
WE'RE HERE FOR
ANYONE. BUT IT
LOOKS LIKE THE
FUSS WE MADE
ABOUT THIS
MEETING WAS
FOR NOTH--

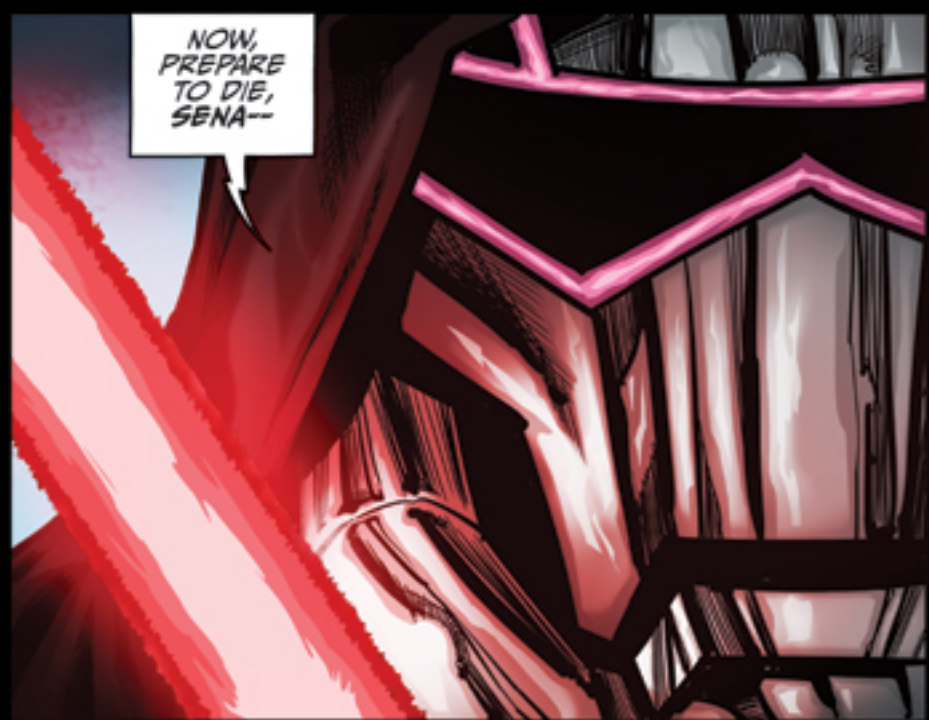
OH NO, SENATOR
ORGANA. DON'T
THINK THAT FOR A
SINGLE MOMENT.

YOU'RE GOING TO
SERVE A VERY, VERY
SPECIFIC PURPOSE
HERE TODAY. JUST
ONE THAT YOU MAY
NOT ENJOY.



WHO
ARE YOU?
WHAT DO YOU
WANT? I AM A
SENATOR IN
THE--

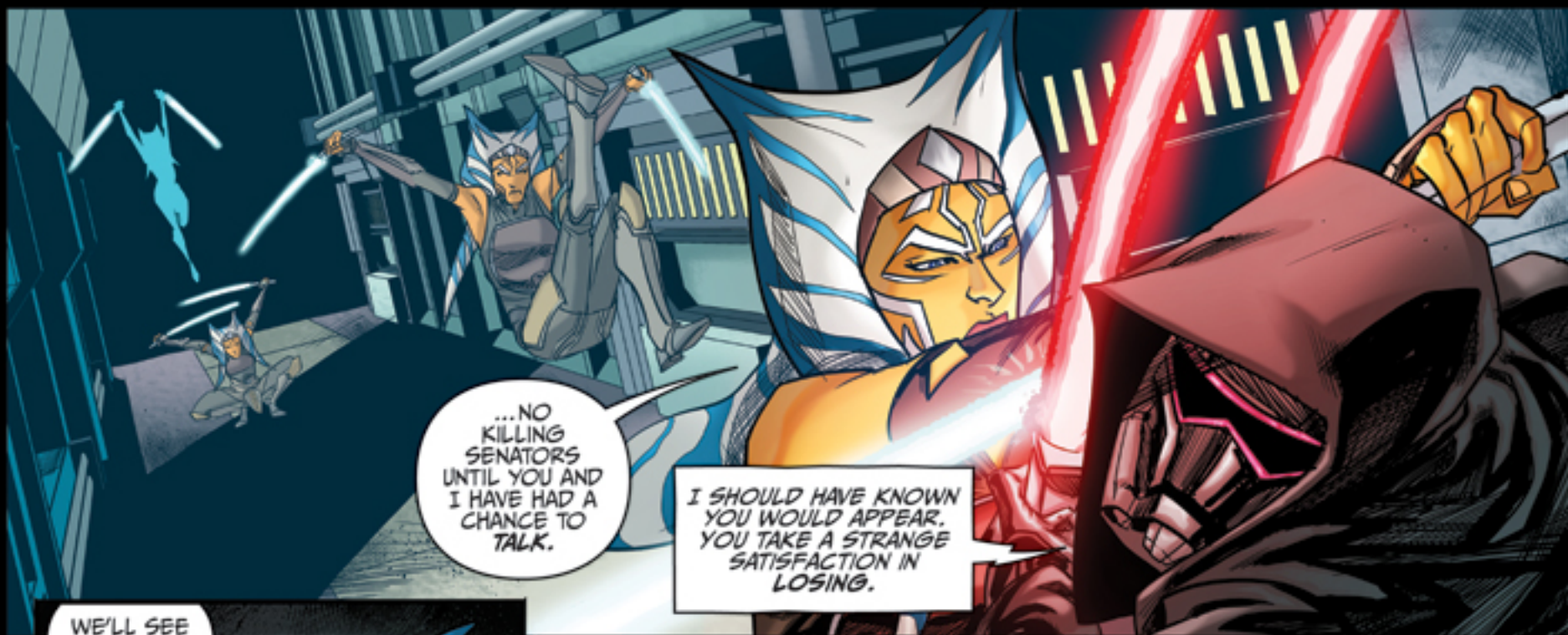
YOU ARE A
TRAITOR TO THE
EMPIRE. YOU ARE
AN AGENT OF
CHAOS AND
ANARCHY.



NOW,
PREPARE
TO DIE,
SENA--



AH AH
AH...



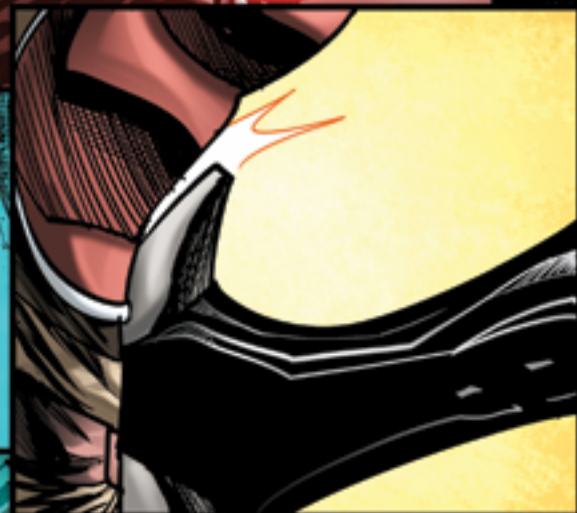
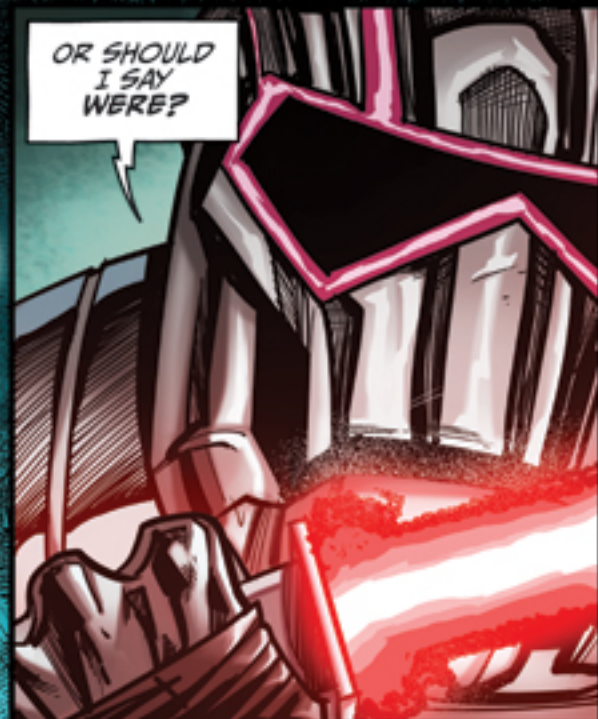


THE JEDI LOST THEIR WAY--THEY GAVE US NOTHING BUT WAR AND DISORDER.

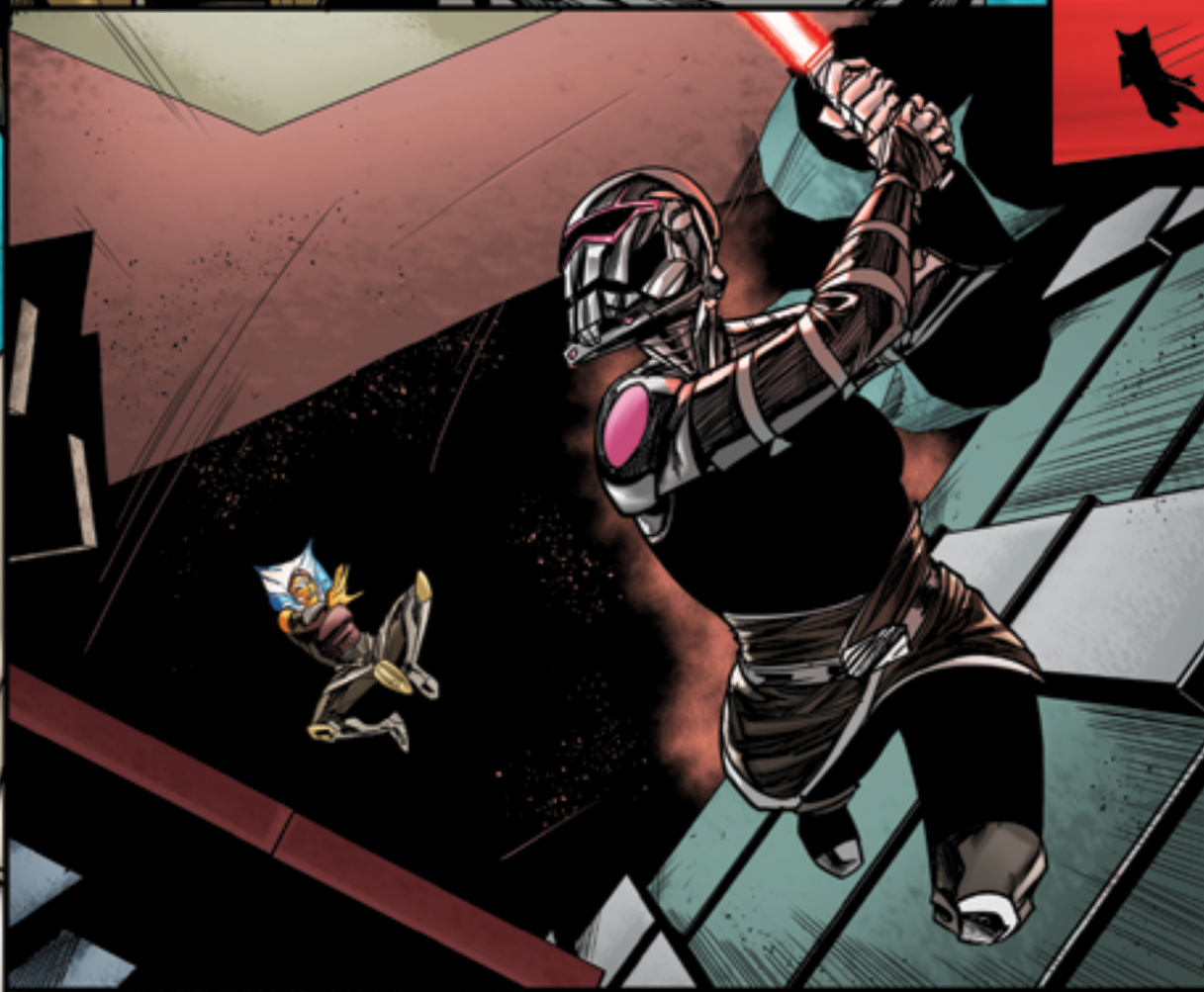
YOU DON'T EVEN UNDERSTAND WHAT WE WERE FIGHTING AGAINST--LOOK AT THE GALAXY, DO YOU THINK WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WE WERE FIGHTING FOR?

YOU MAY NOT BE A JEDI, BUT YOU'RE JUST AS FOOLISH AND ARROGANT AS THEY ARE.

OR SHOULD I SAY WERE?



AAAAHHH!



I DON'T THINK SO.



YOU'LL ALWAYS BE NAIVE, AHSOKA. YOU CAN REJECT THE TITLE AND WALK AWAY FROM THE ORDER, BUT I KNOW YOU...



...YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A JEDI.

AND THAT IS WHY YOU'LL LOSE.



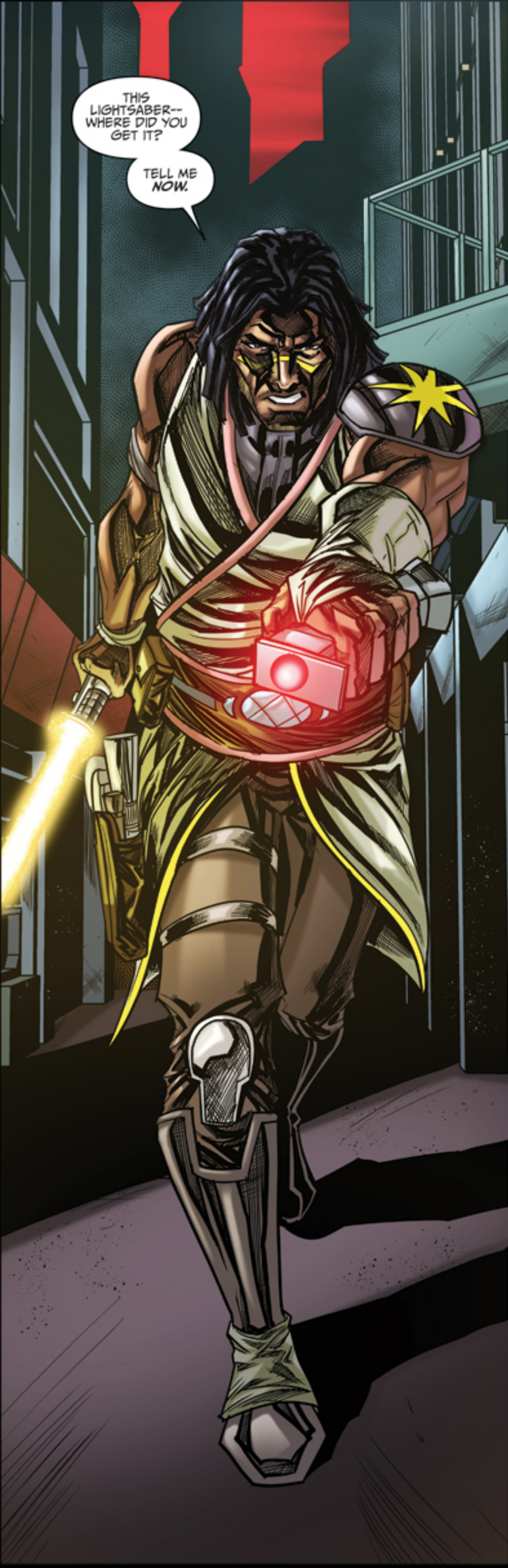
AND YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A TRAITOR, BARRISS. YOU'LL ALWAYS BE SOMEONE WHO WAS TOO WEAK TO STICK TO HER CONVICTIONS.

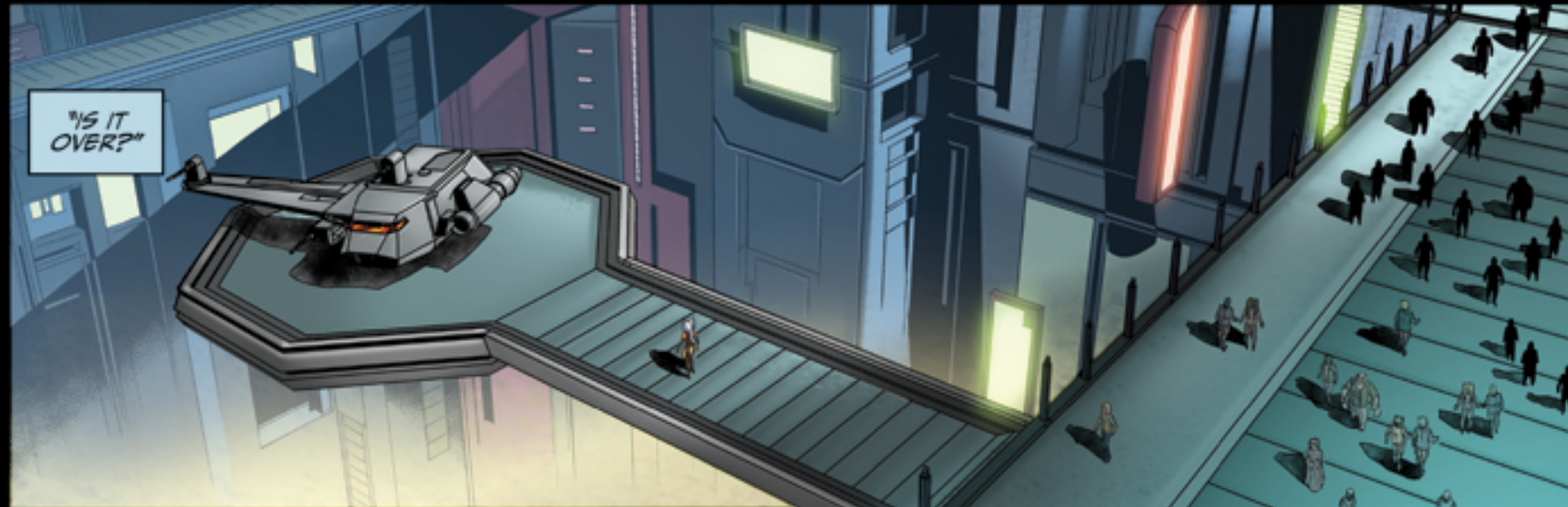
AND THAT IS WHY YOU'VE ALREADY LOST.



NOW GET UP SO WE CAN FINISH THIS.

NO.





"IS IT OVER?"



I THINK SO. YOUR SUPPLY RUNS SHOULD BE SAFE AGAIN.

AND I'M SORRY I USED YOU AS BAIT, SENATOR.

DON'T APOLOGIZE. WE ALL PLAY OUR PART, REMEMBER? I JUST WISH I KNEW HOW THIS PERSON KNEW TO TARGET US.



I THINK SHE WAS TARGETING ME MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE. WHICH IS WHY, AGAIN, SENATOR, I DON'T THINK I--

I WON'T HEAR IT.

WE'RE BUILDING SOMETHING HERE, PUTTING ALL THE POCKETS OF RESISTANCE TOGETHER. INTO SOMETHING STRONGER, SOMETHING COHESIVE.

THE REBELLION IS ABOUT TO BEGIN.



THIS IS
WHERE YOU
BELONG,
AHSOKA.

I APPRECIATE
YOU SAYING THAT, BUT
THE EMPIRE WON'T STOP
HUNTING ME UNTIL
I'M GONE.

THAT'S
THE PRICE
OF HAVING ME
ON YOUR
SIDE.



THEN THAT
IS THE PRICE
WE WILL
PAY.

THIS WAR ISN'T JUST
ABOUT THE EMPIRE, IT'S
ABOUT GOOD AND EVIL.
IN ORDER FOR US TO
WIN, WE NEED MORE
THAN AN ARMY.

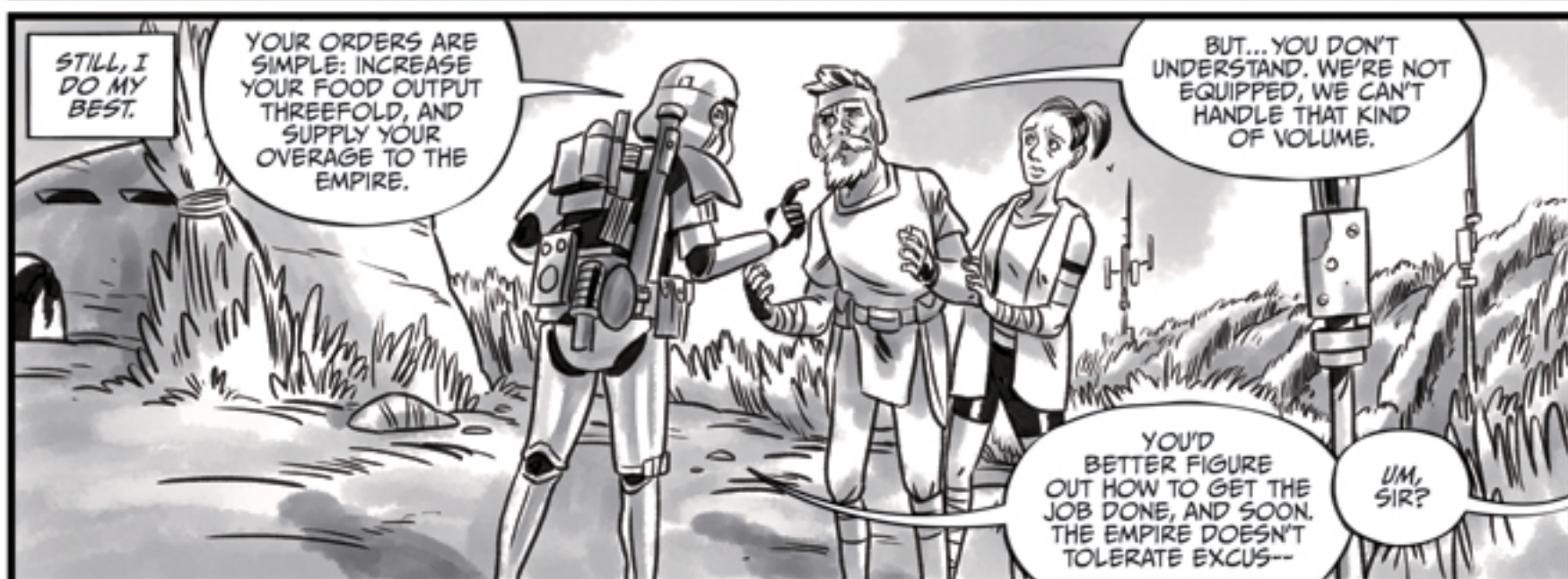
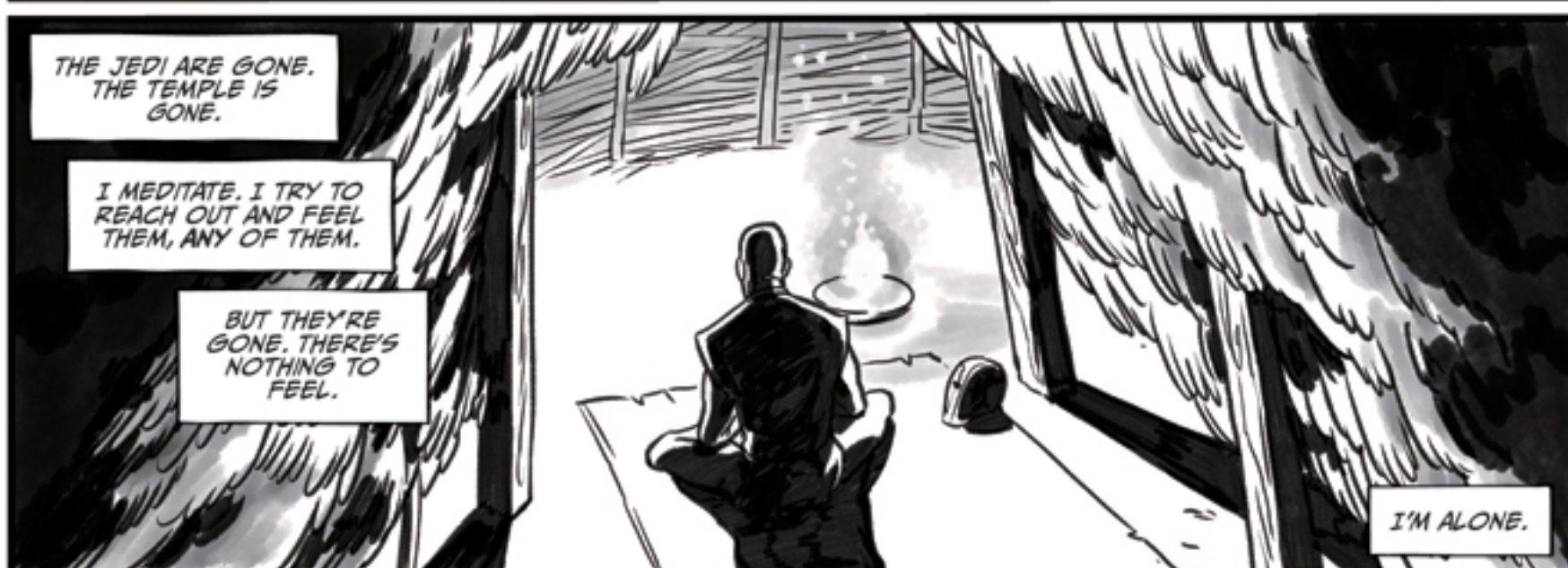
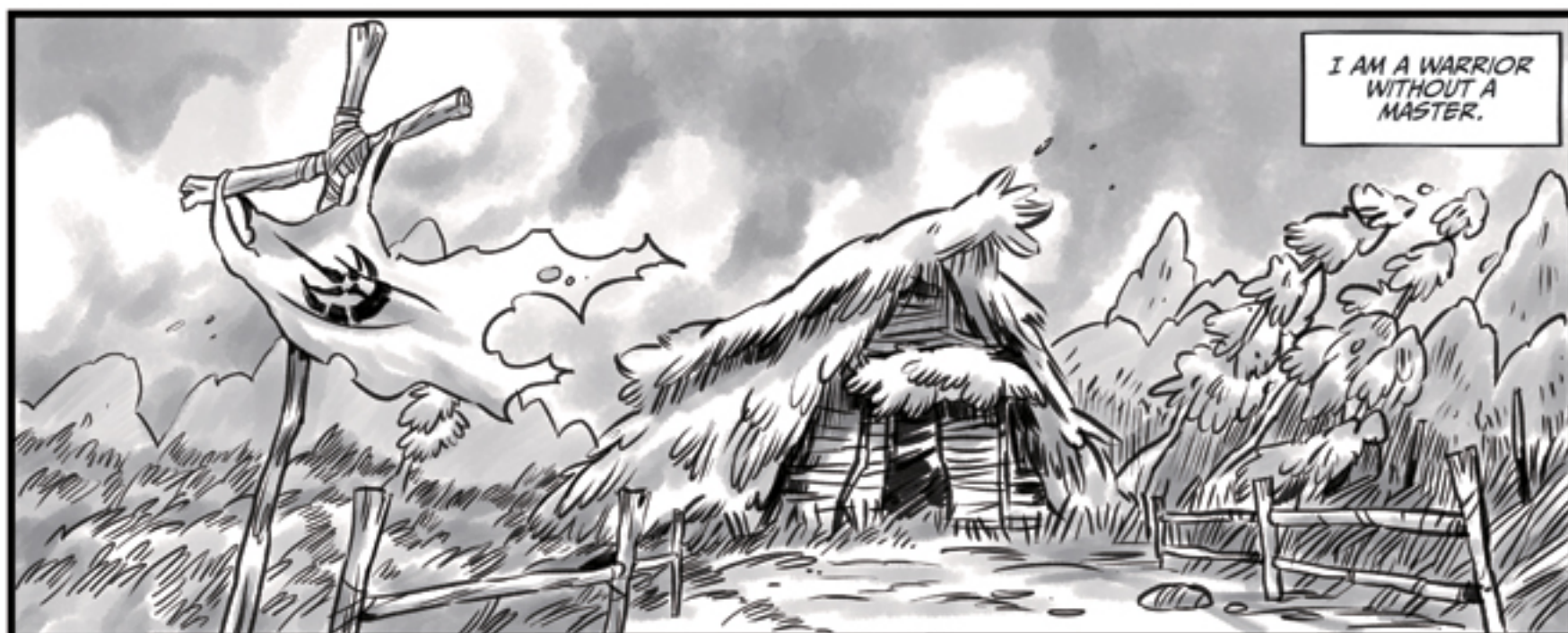
WE NEED
THE
FORCE.

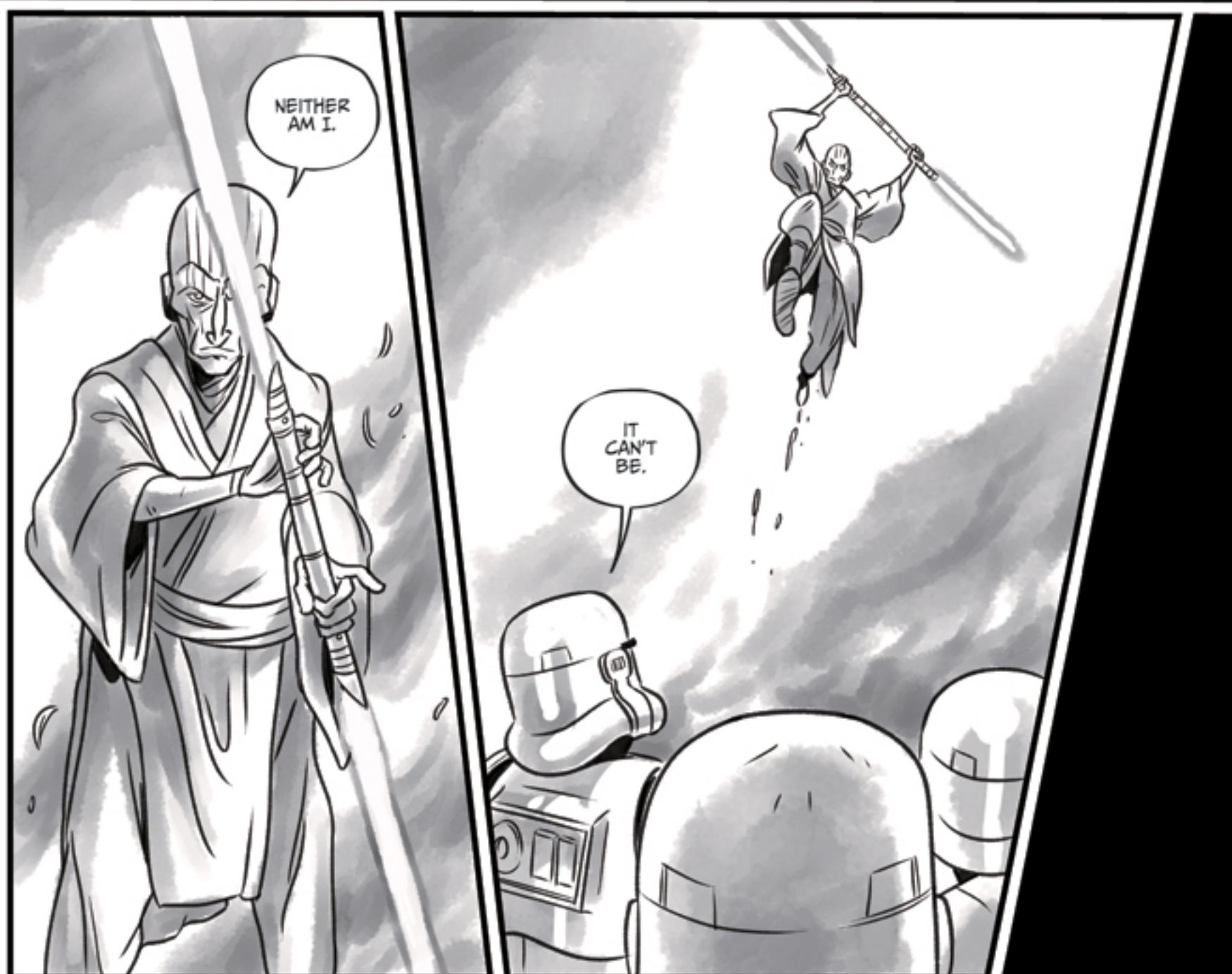
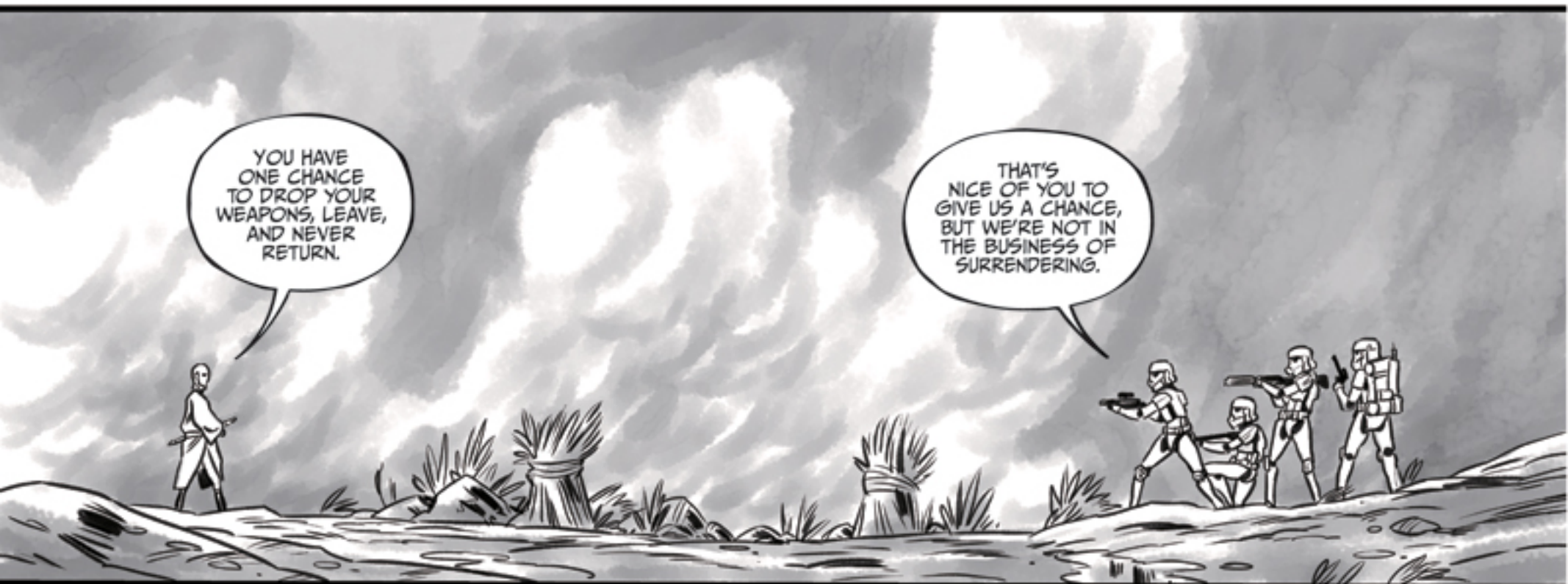
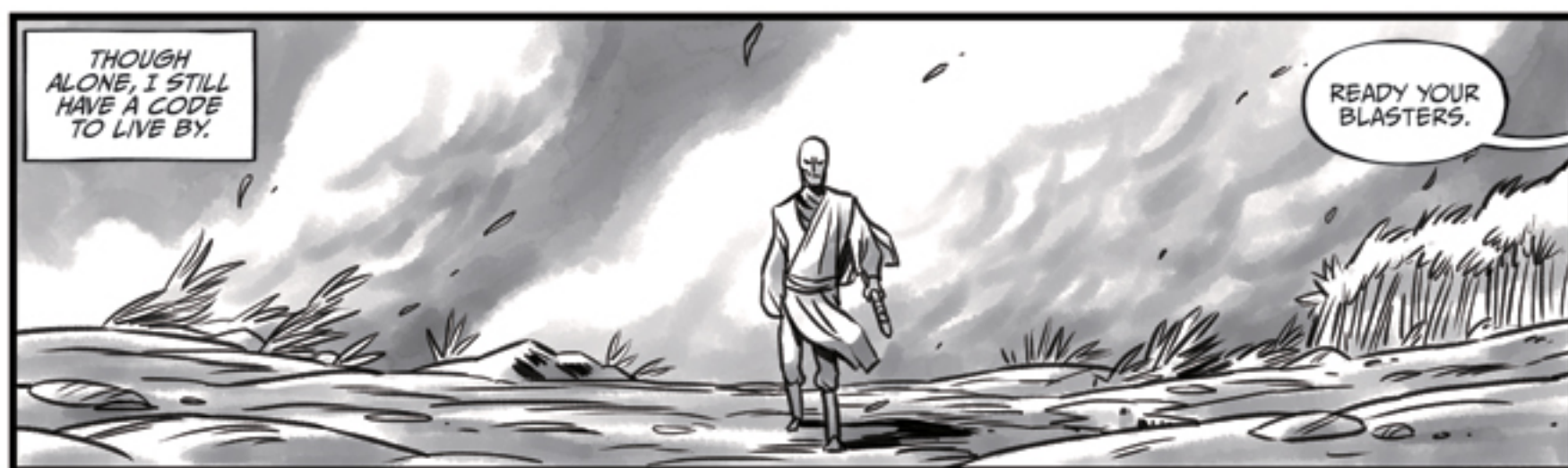


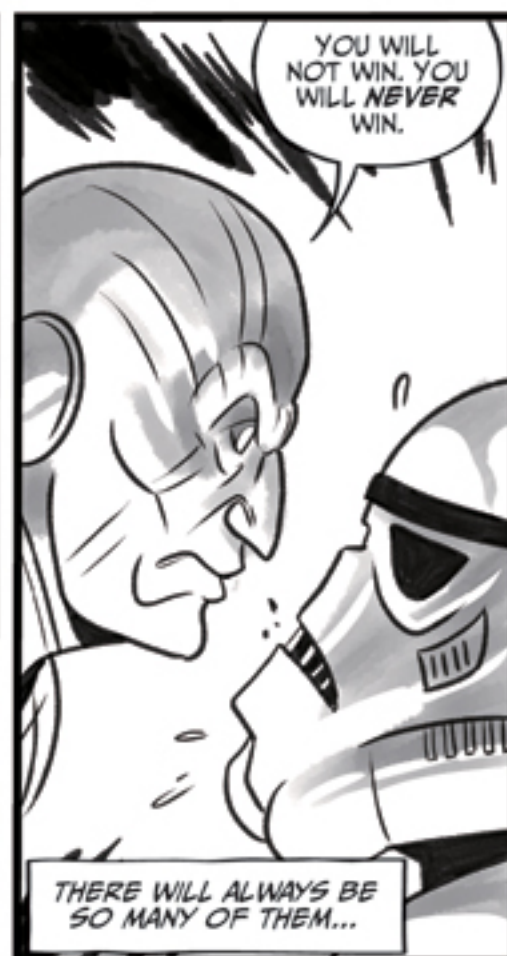
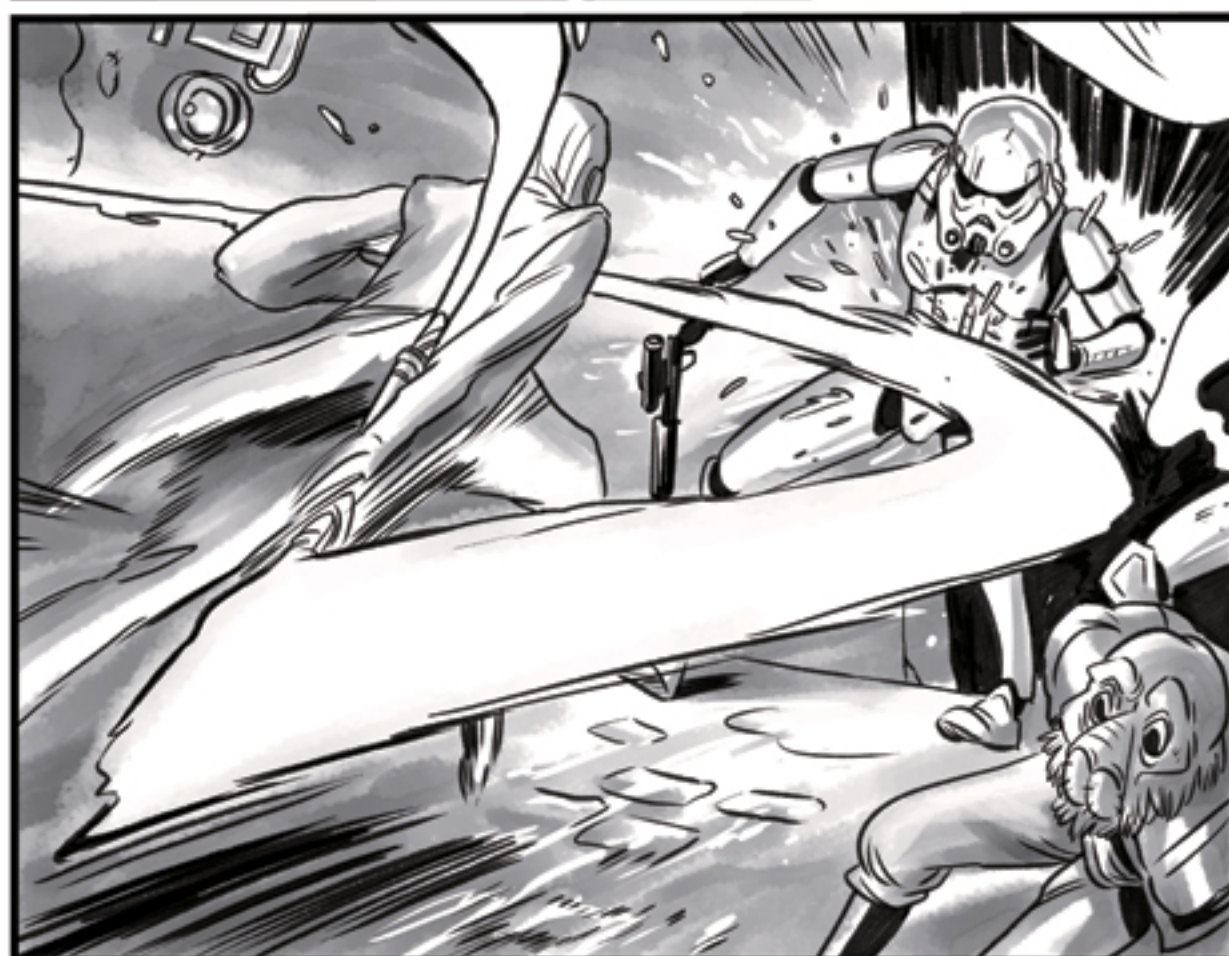
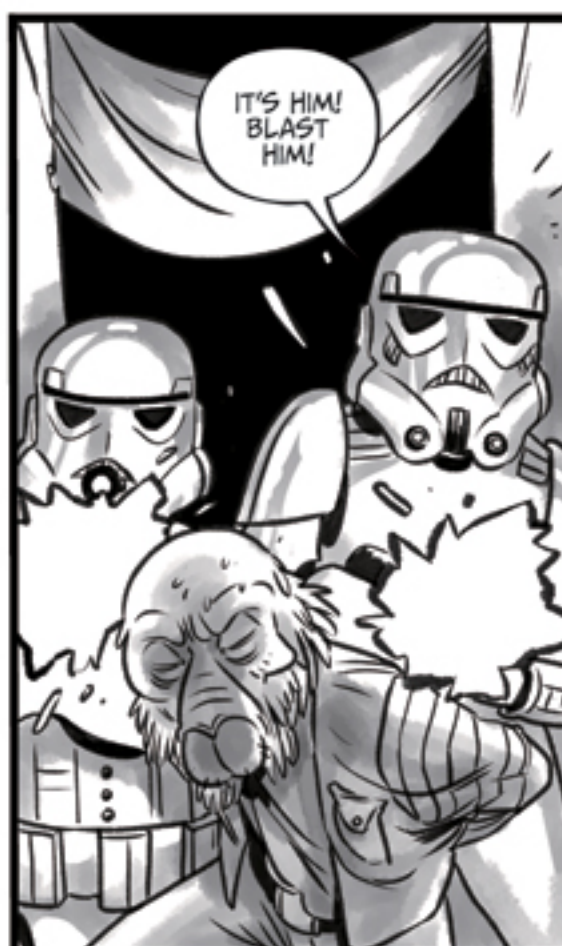
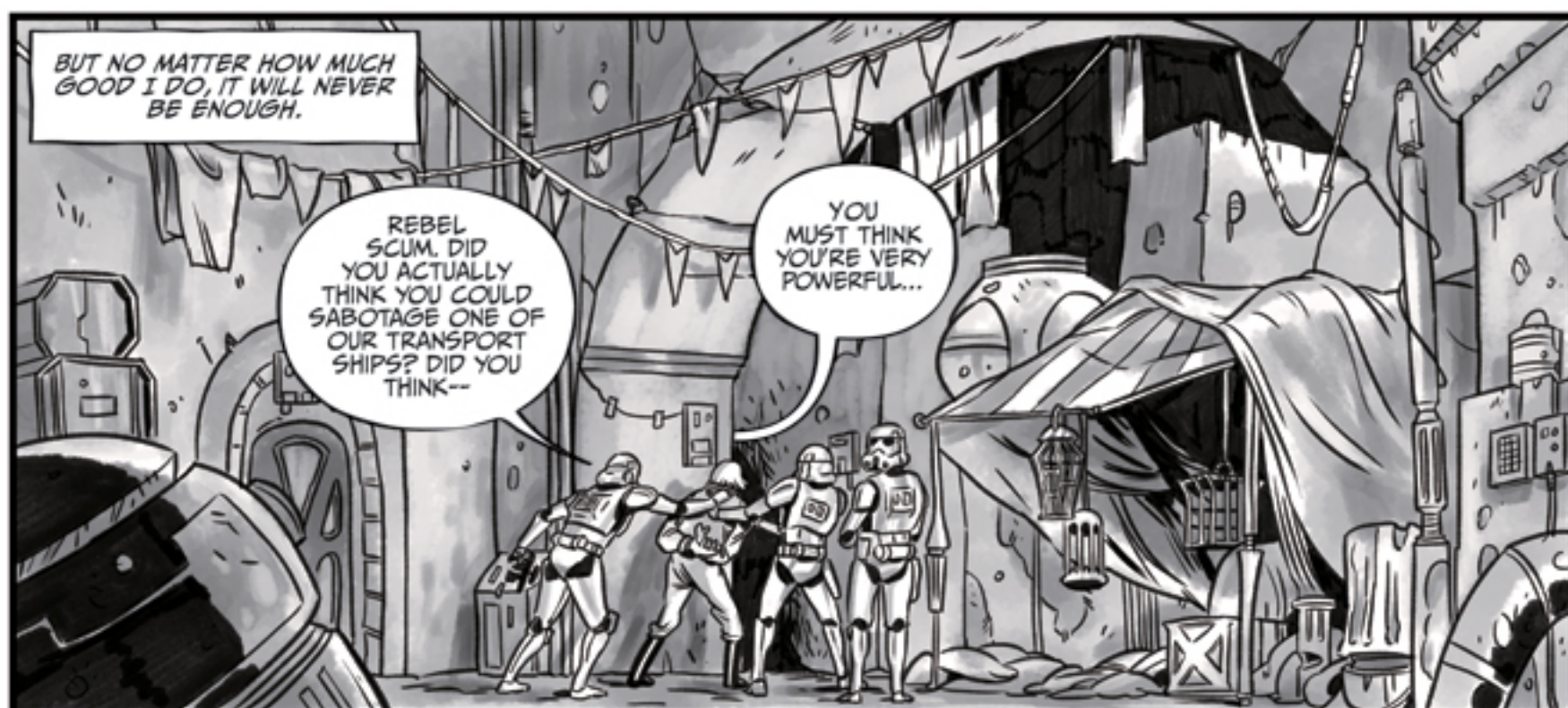
"AND YOU,
AHSOKA, ARE OUR
FULCRUM."

THE END

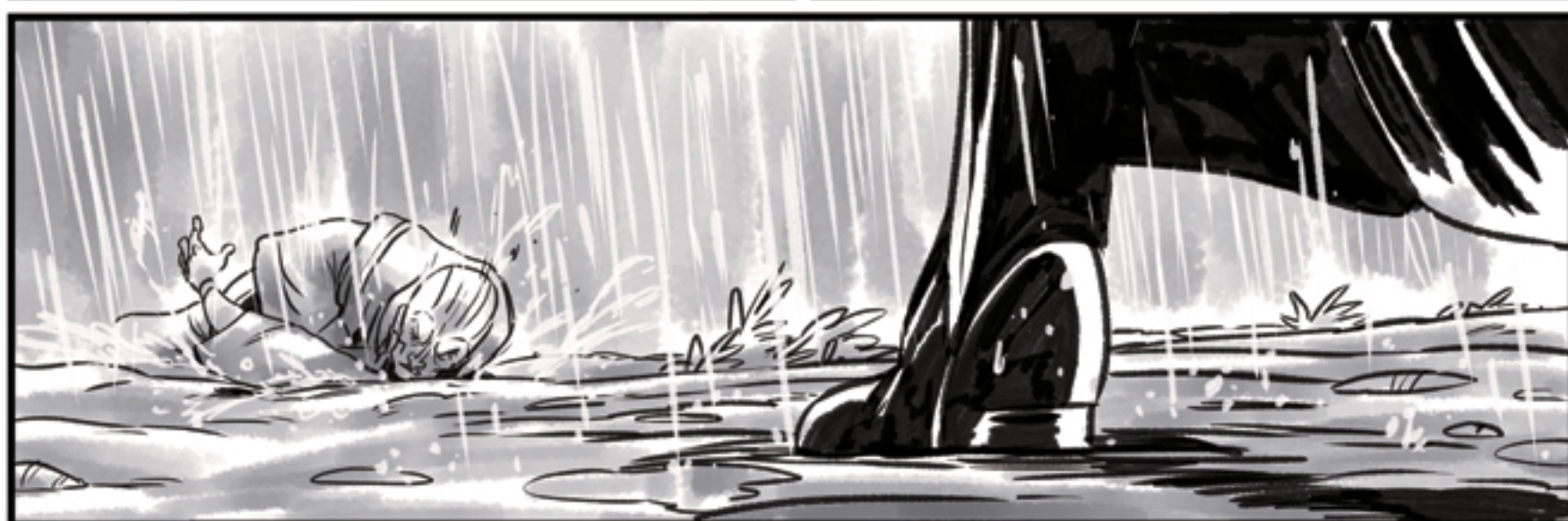
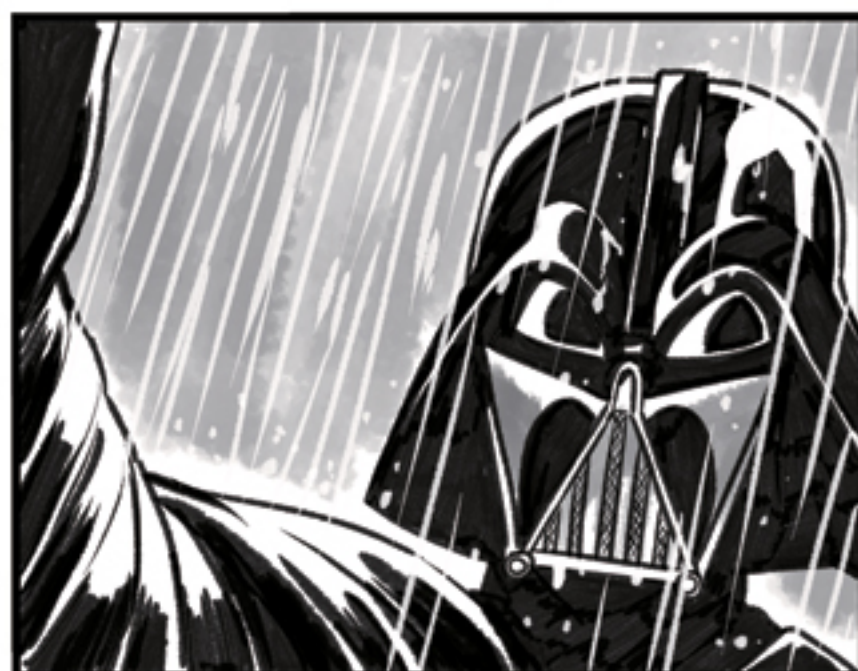
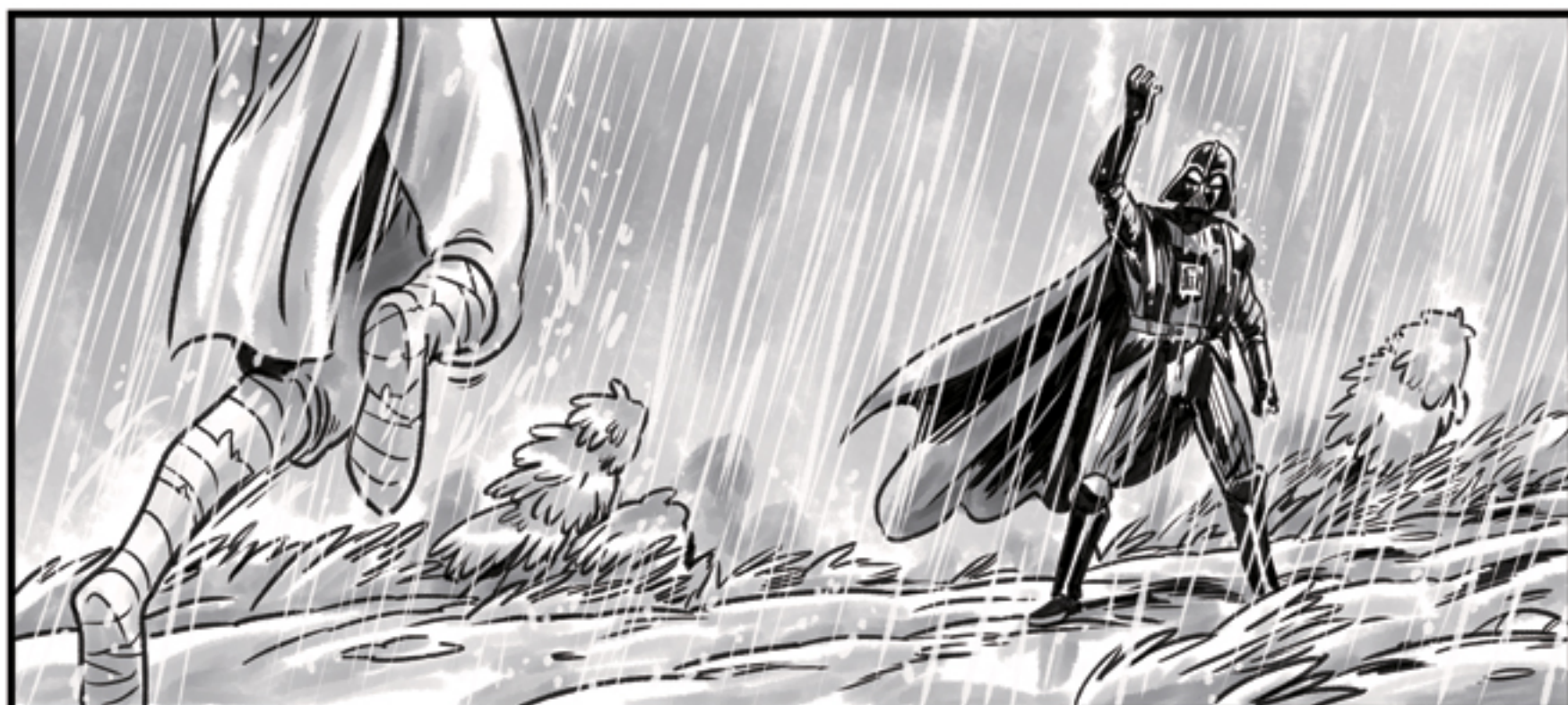


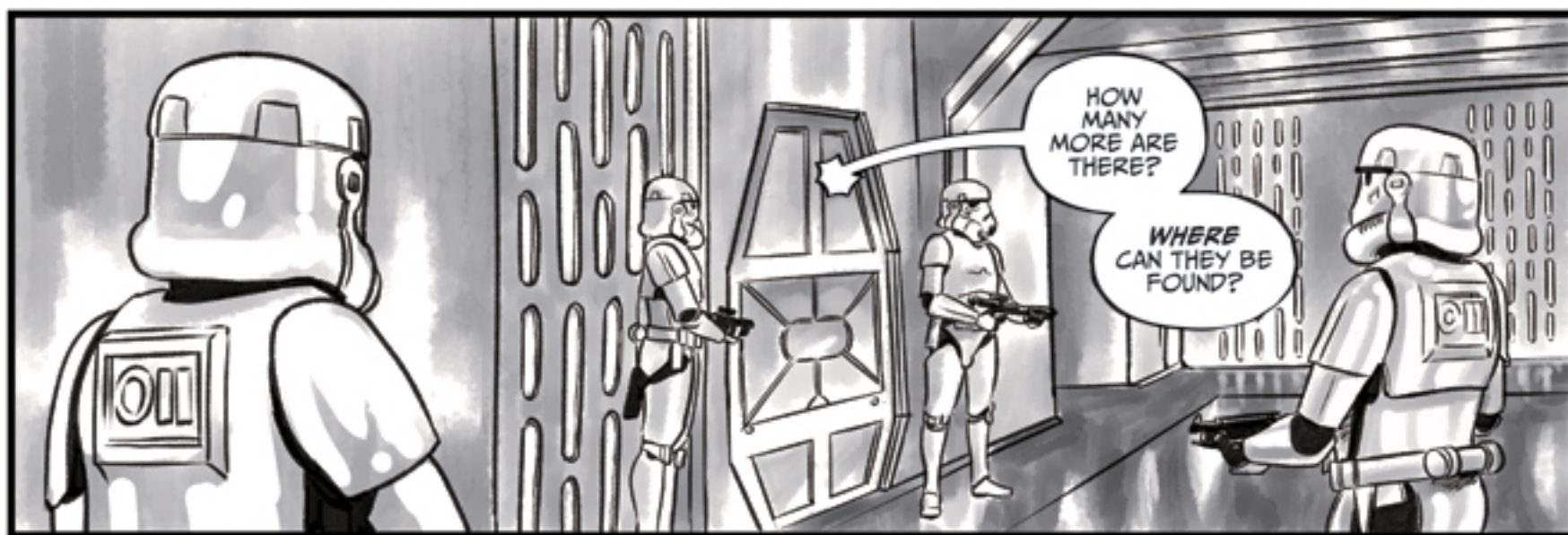


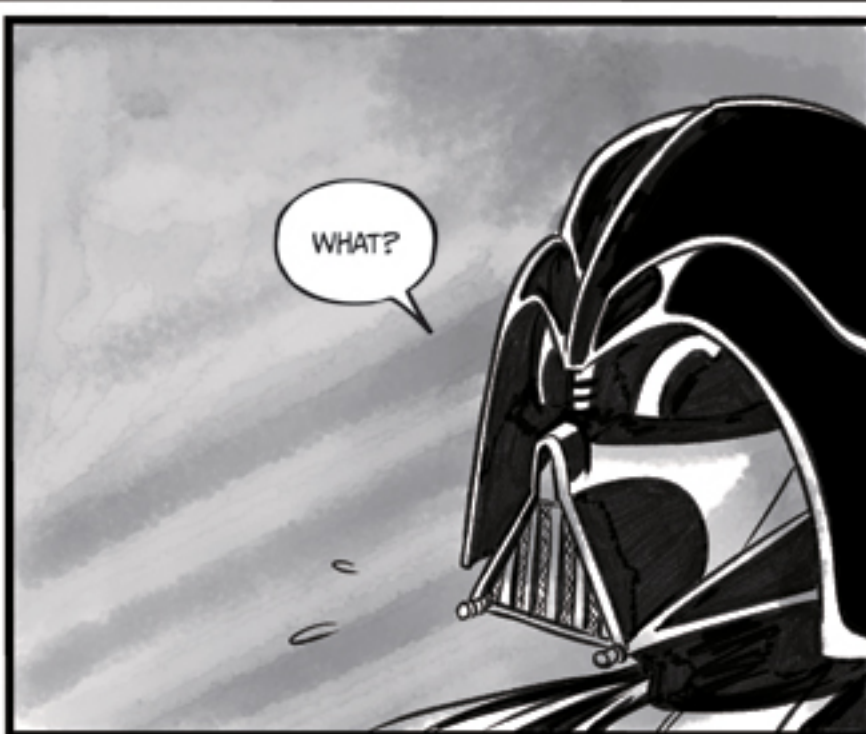


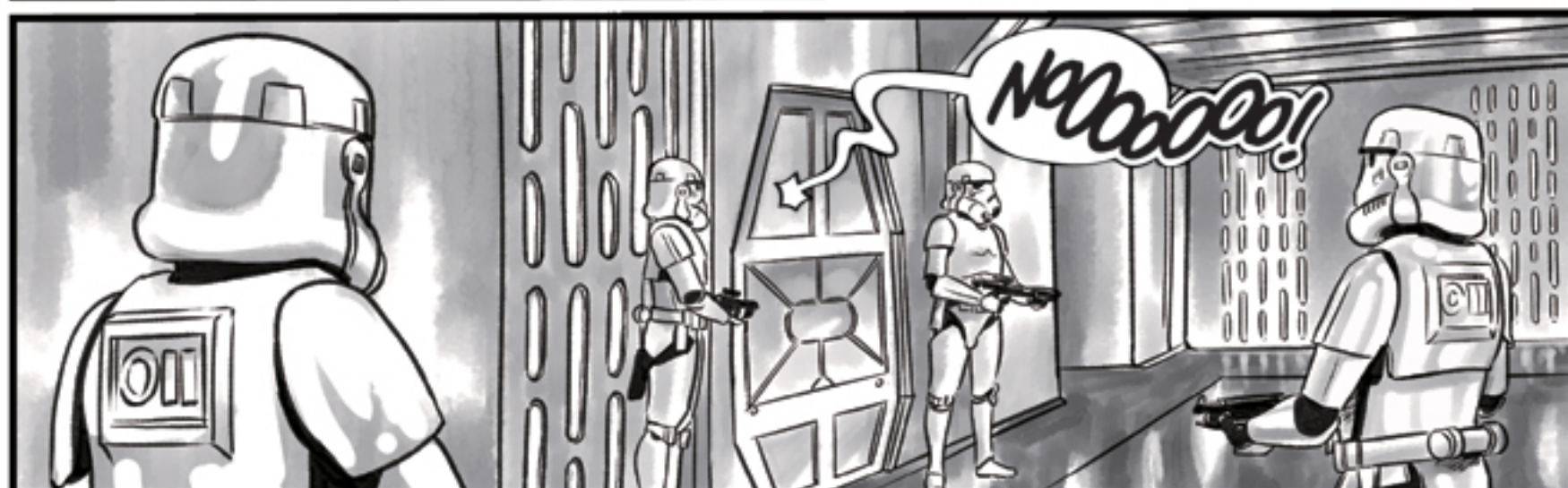


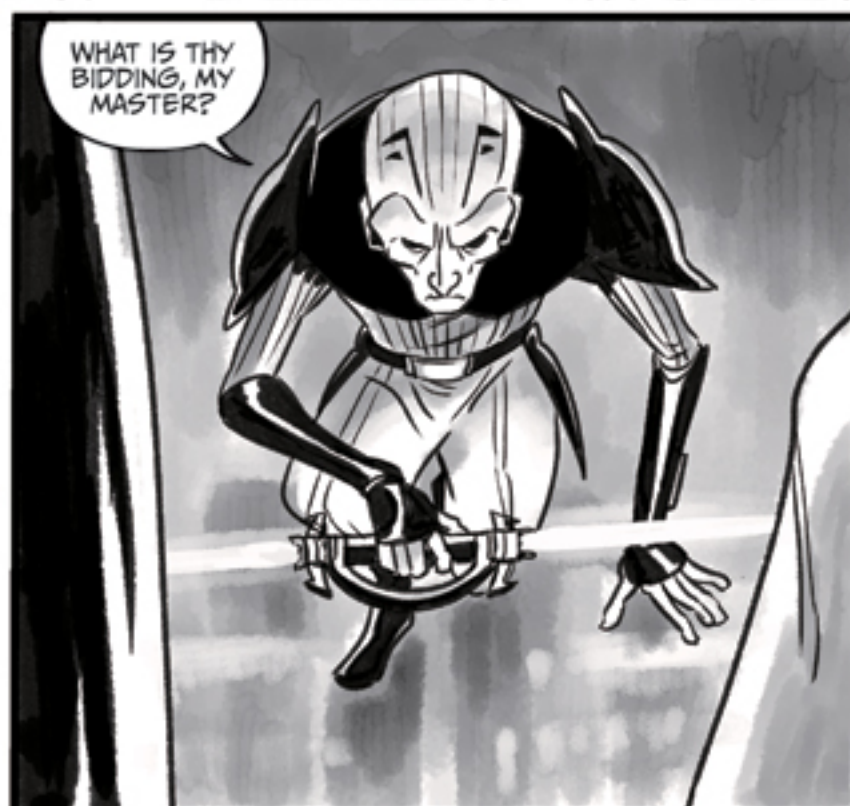
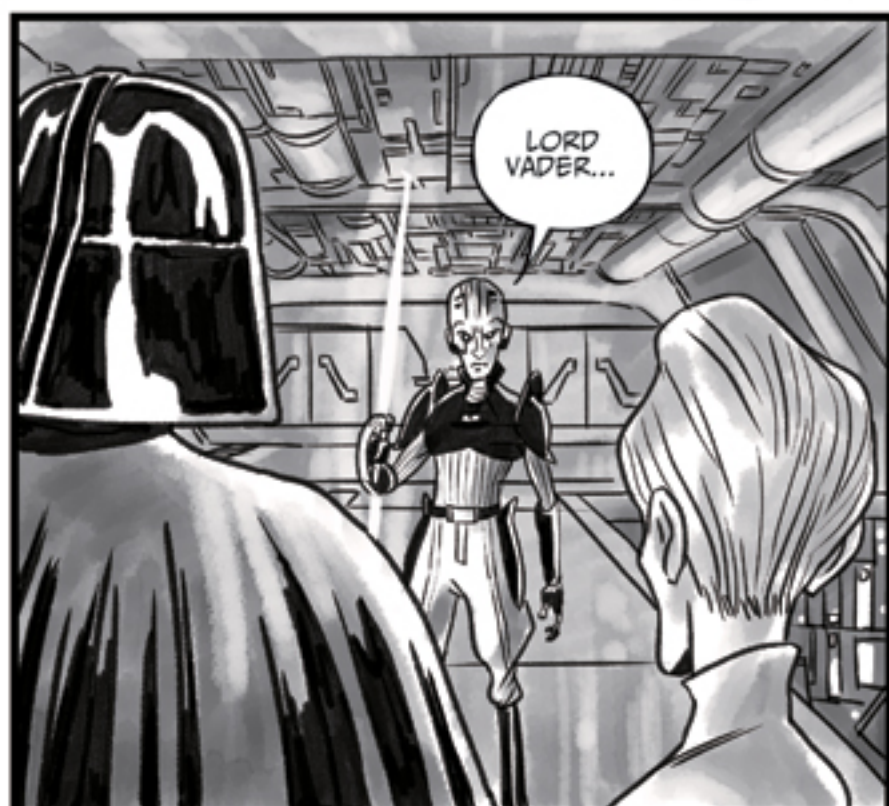
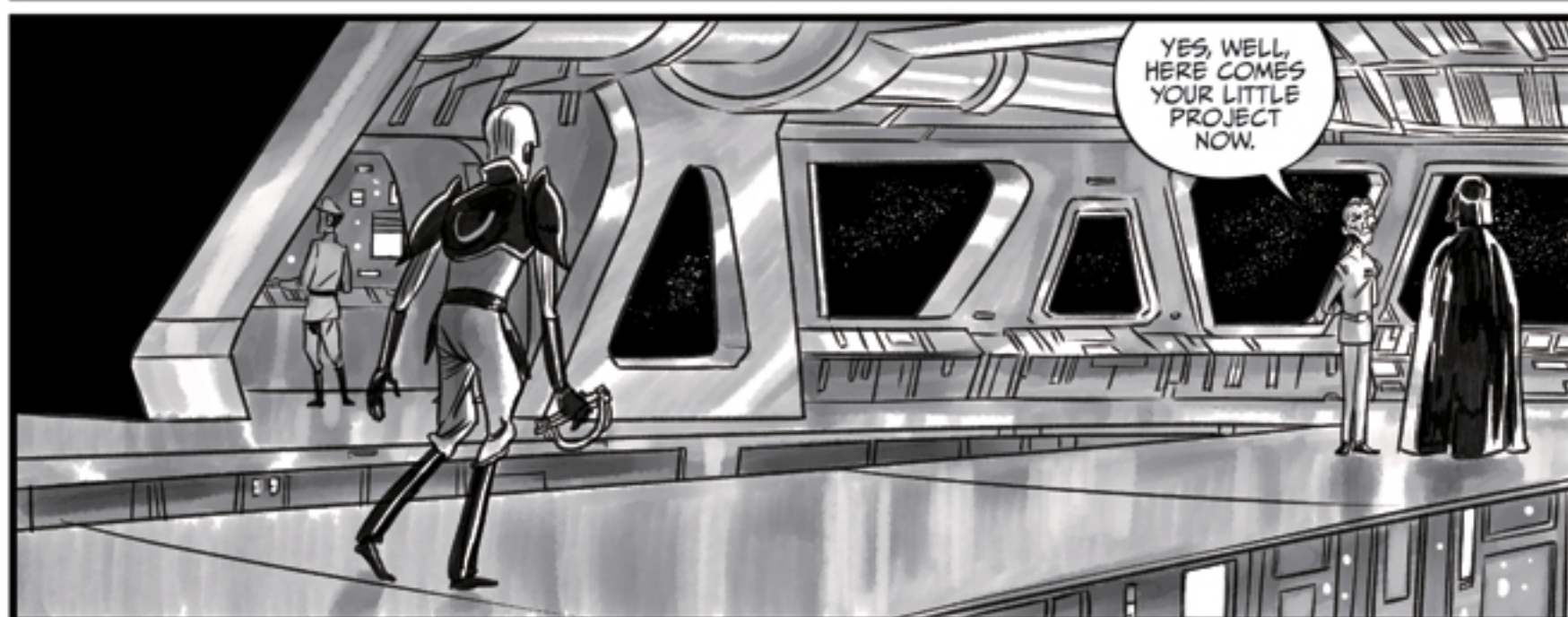












THE END

STAR WARS

RISE THE DARK STAR

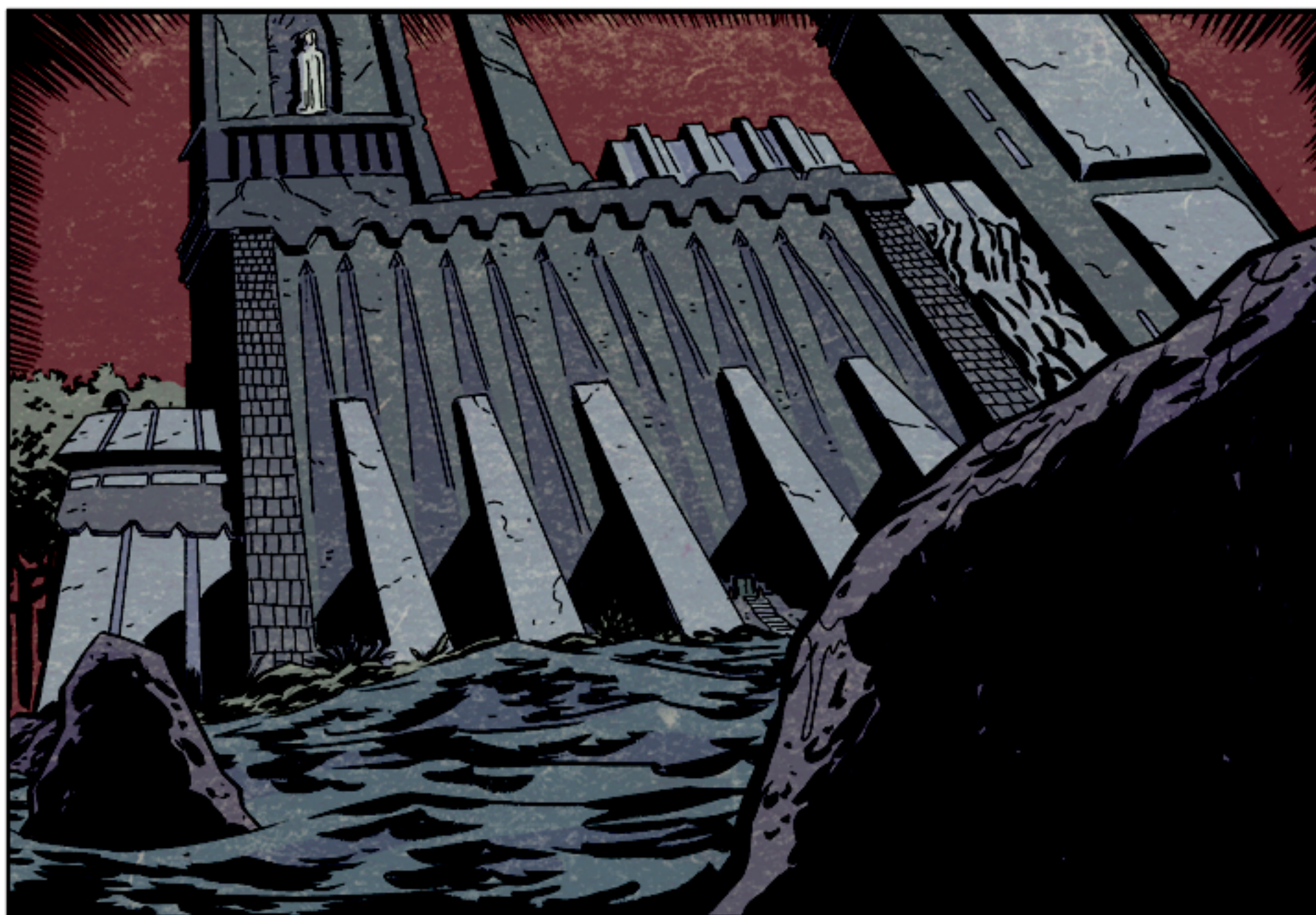
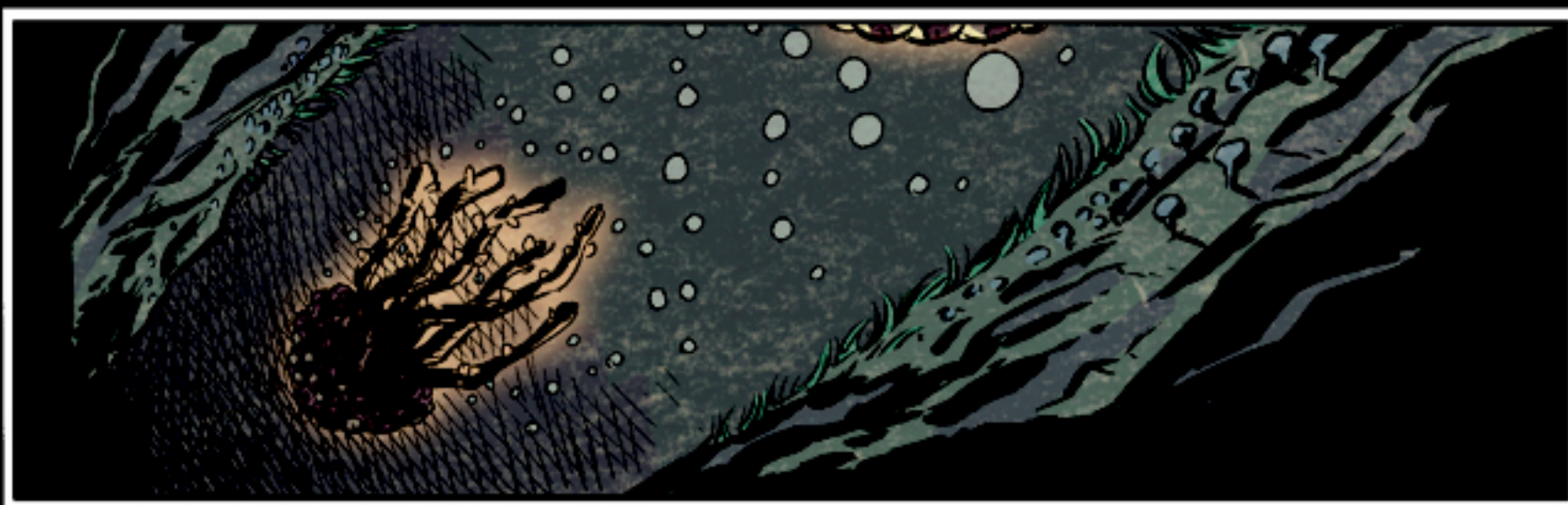
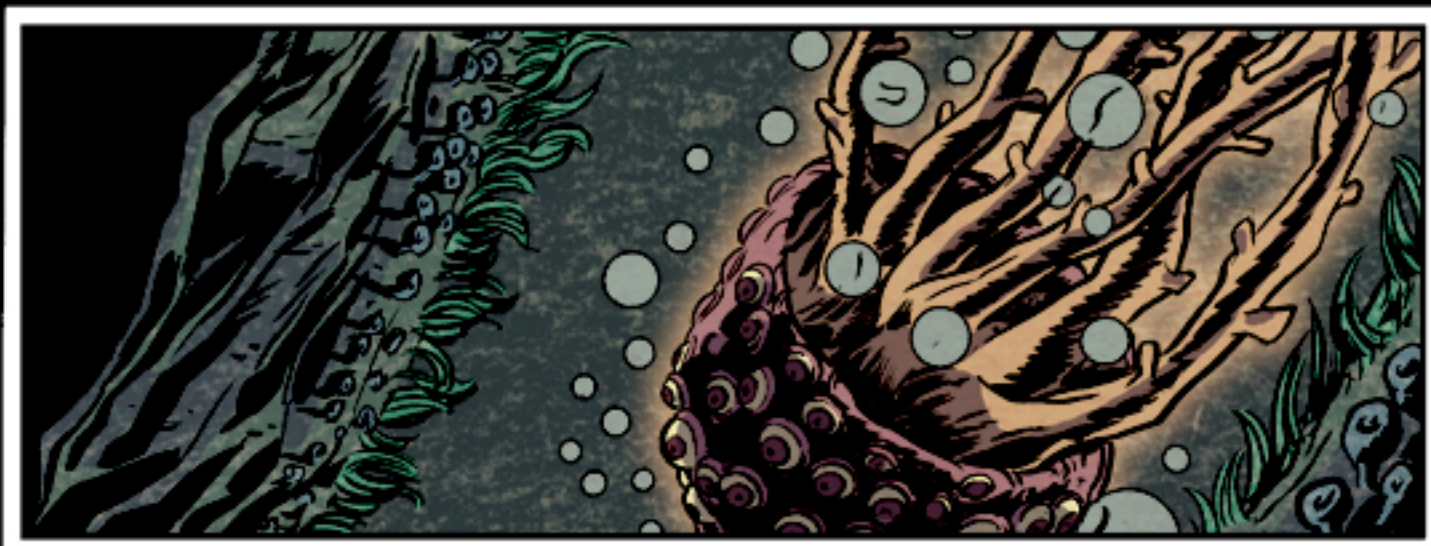
A sinister power grows. In the remote fringes of the Outer Rim territories, the evil FIRST ORDER is secretly amassing a massive infantry designed to topple the Republic. General Leia Organa, leader of the RESISTANCE, desperately tries to fend off the looming threat, and preserve a peace she fought so long ago to establish.

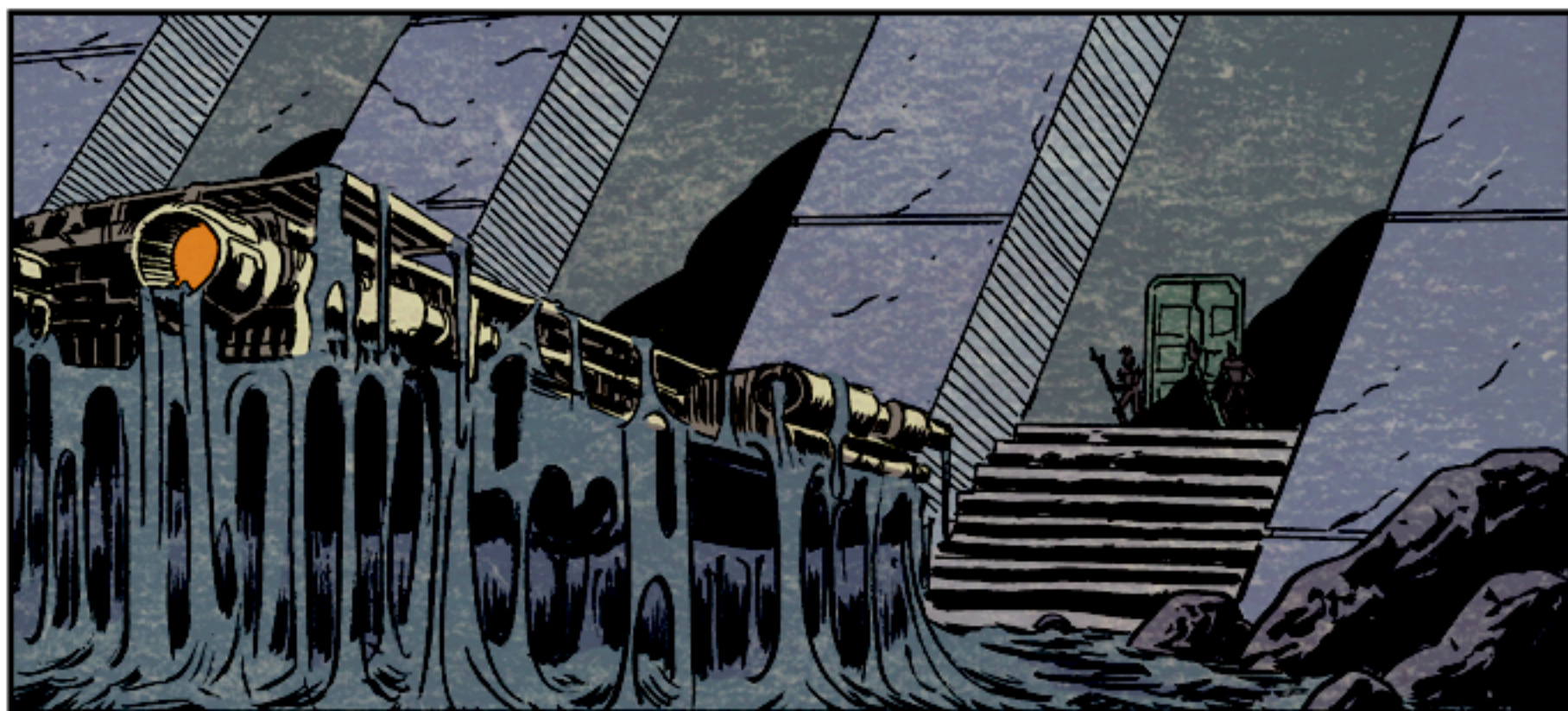
Caught in between the First Order and the Resistance, the galaxy's peaceable multitudes are being enslaved; their young abducted and trained to fight, their vital resources plundered and their cities reduced to ash. All the while, the First Order's world-ending weapon, STARKILLER BASE, nears completion.

Amidst the chaos, a mysterious faction known only as the DARKSTAR fights for those left suffering in the wake of the growing conflict. Long before, their journey began...



EPIISODE I: THE PLEDGE

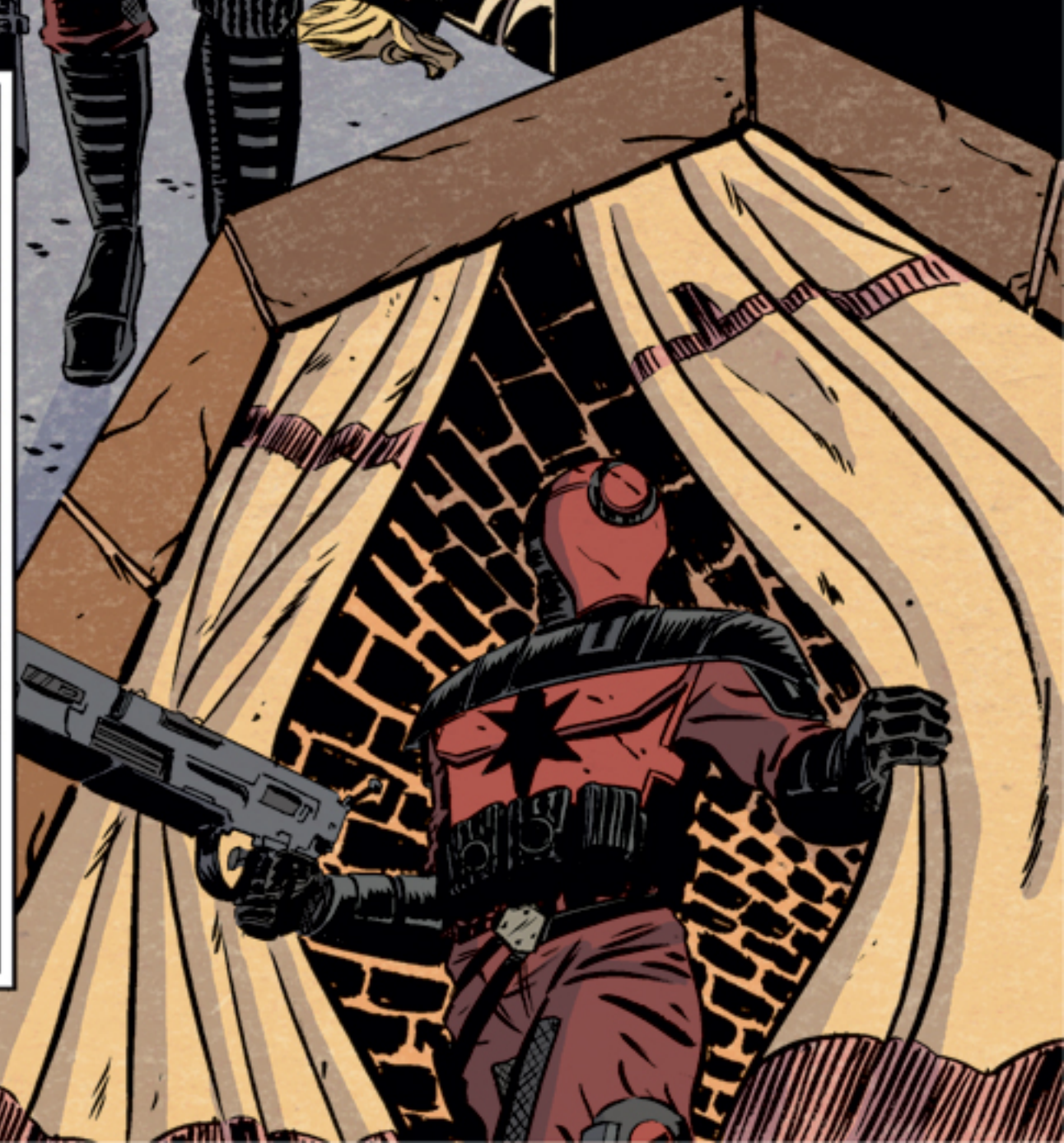
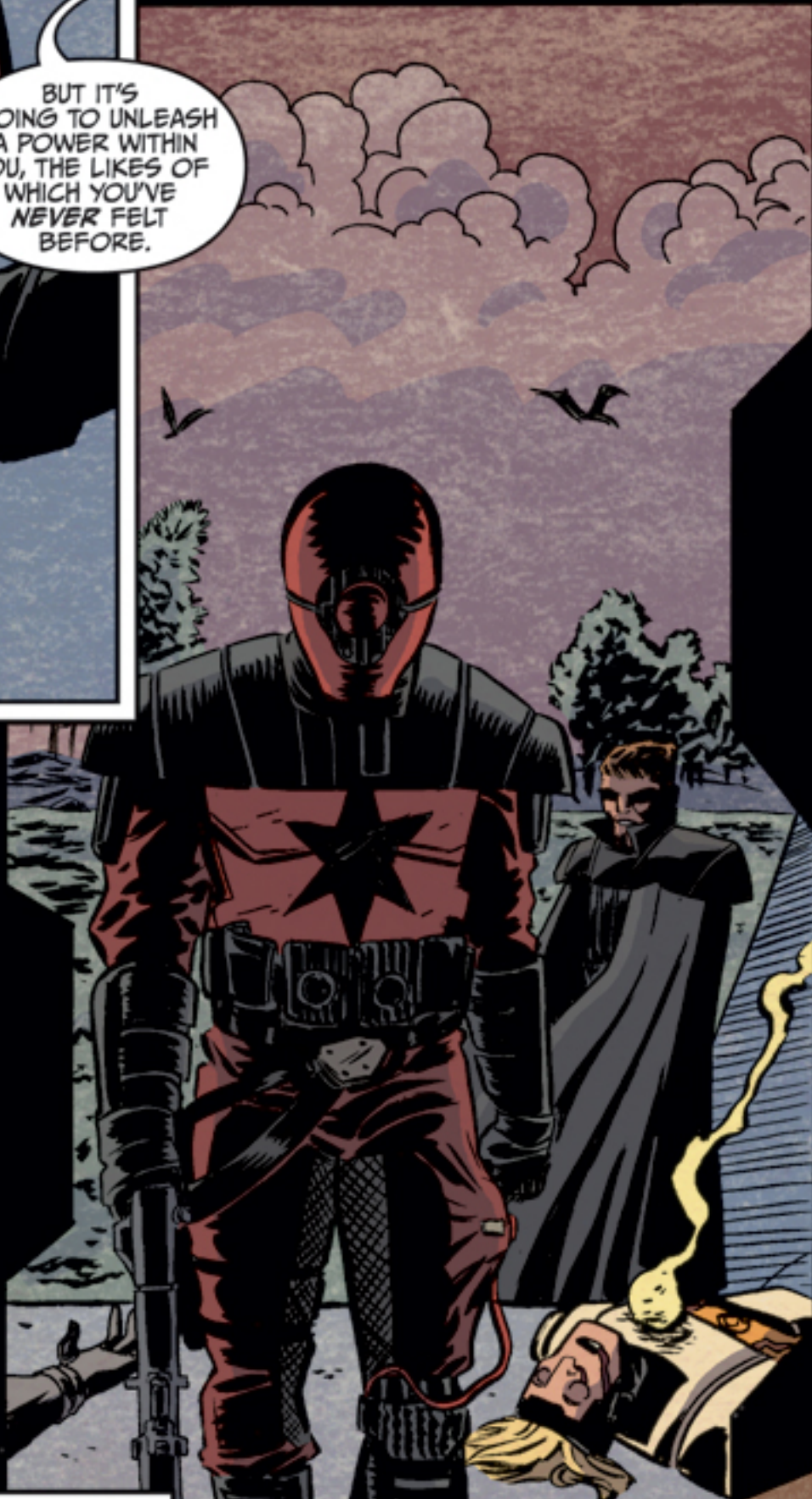






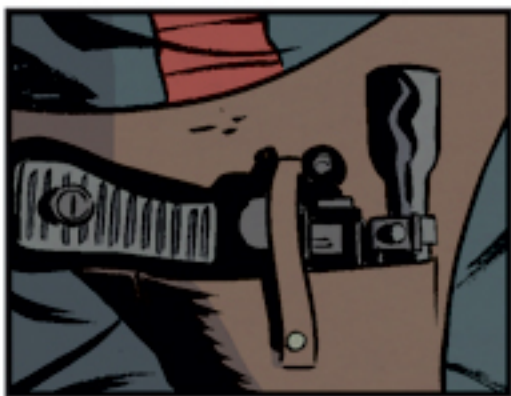


BUT IT'S
GOING TO UNLEASH
A POWER WITHIN
YOU, THE LIKES OF
WHICH YOU'VE
NEVER FELT
BEFORE.











STEP AWAY FROM THE PIP, SOLO, I MEAN HER NO HARM.

PIP?! ARE YOU CALLING THE MAZ KANATA A PIP?



WHAT'S A PIP? SHOULD I BE INSULTED FOR YOU?



YOU IN IT NOW, HAN SOLO.



HOW ABOUT A DRINK? THE PIP'S BUYING...

I WAS WARNED ABOUT YOU...THEY SAID YOU HAD A WAY WITH WORDS.

WE'LL SEE WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY ABOUT THAT WHEN I JAM THIS BLASTER IN YOUR MOUTH.



I'LL ADMIT, IT'S NOT THE MOST CREATIVE SUGGESTION I'VE EVER HEARD.

LISTEN, IF THIS IS ABOUT MALA-TIK'S PAYMENT, YOU TELL HIM LANDO WILL GLADLY SETTLE UP WITH HIM.

FEE ZAKK
FEE ZAKK



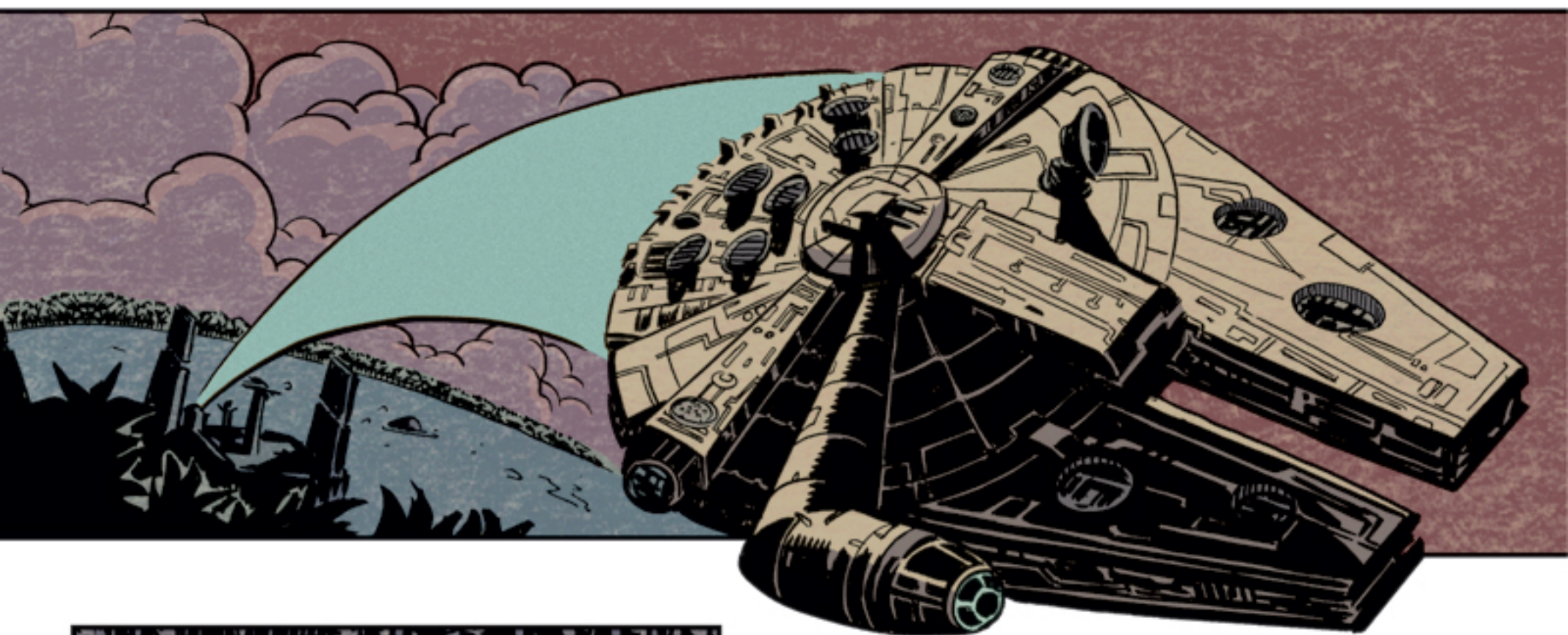


GREEDO,
OLD BUDDY!
YOU CAN'T
IMAGINE
HOW HAPPY
I AM TO SEE
YOU.

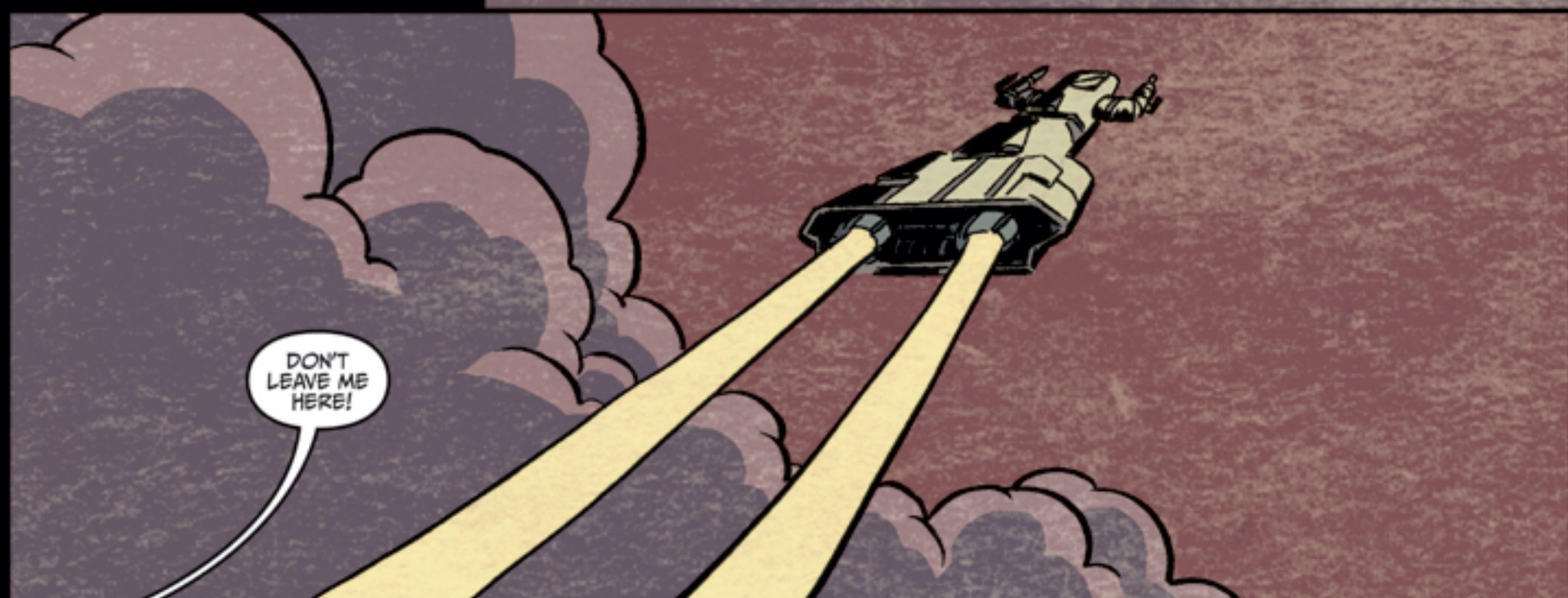












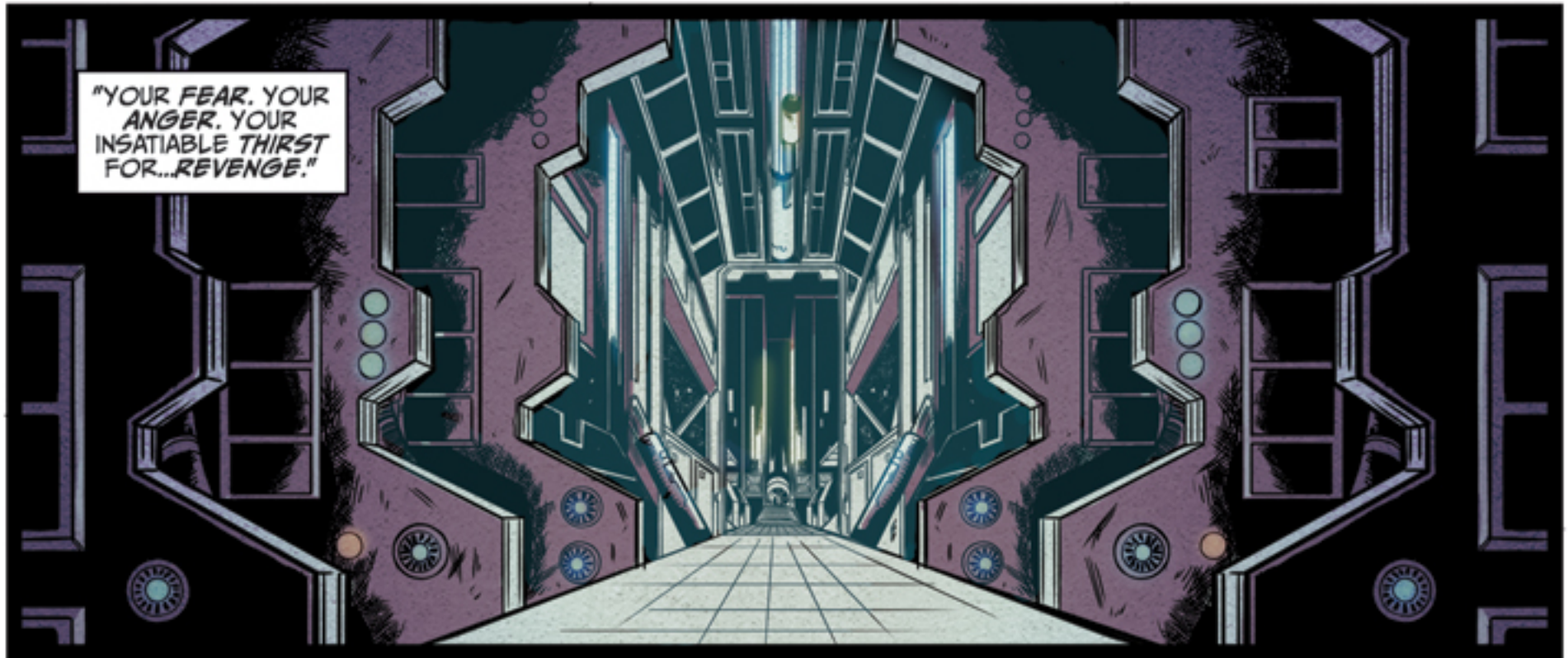


EPISODE II: INFILTRATOR

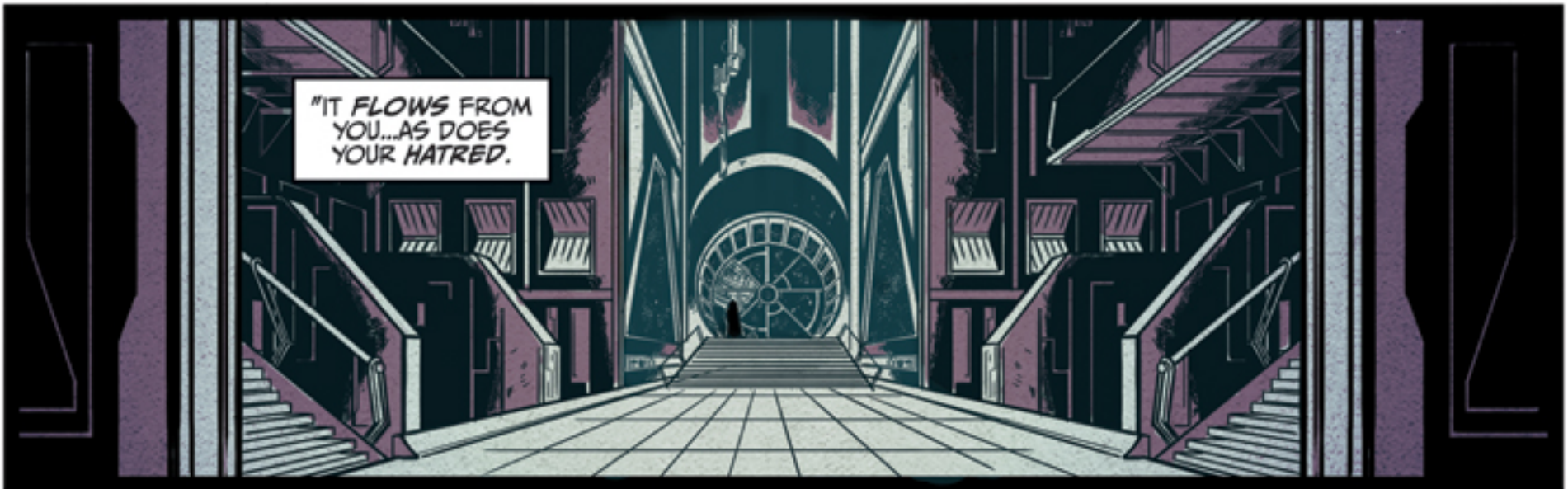


"I CAN
FEEL IT."





"YOUR FEAR. YOUR
ANGER. YOUR
INSATIABLE THIRST
FOR...REVENGE."



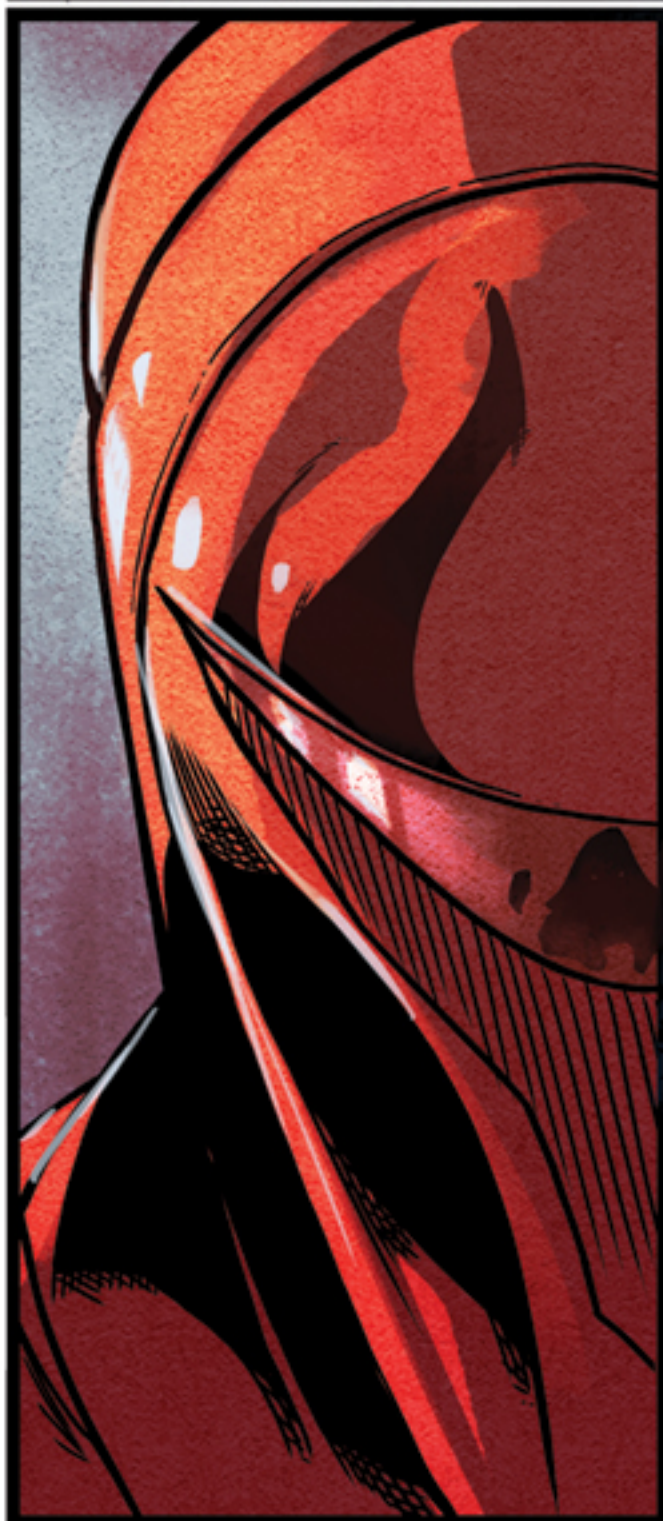
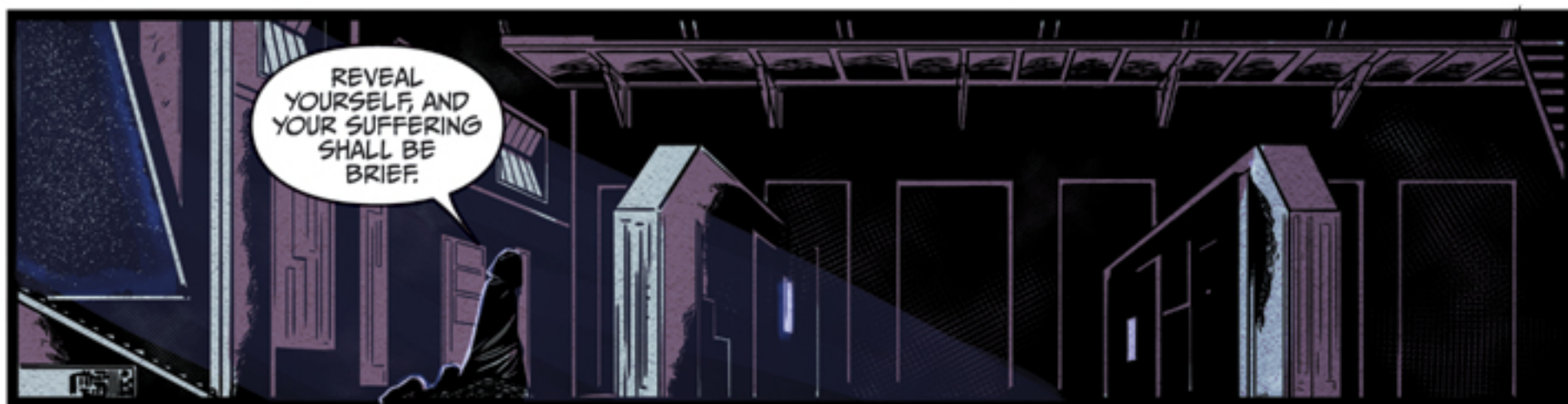
"IT FLOWS FROM
YOU...AS DOES
YOUR HATRED."

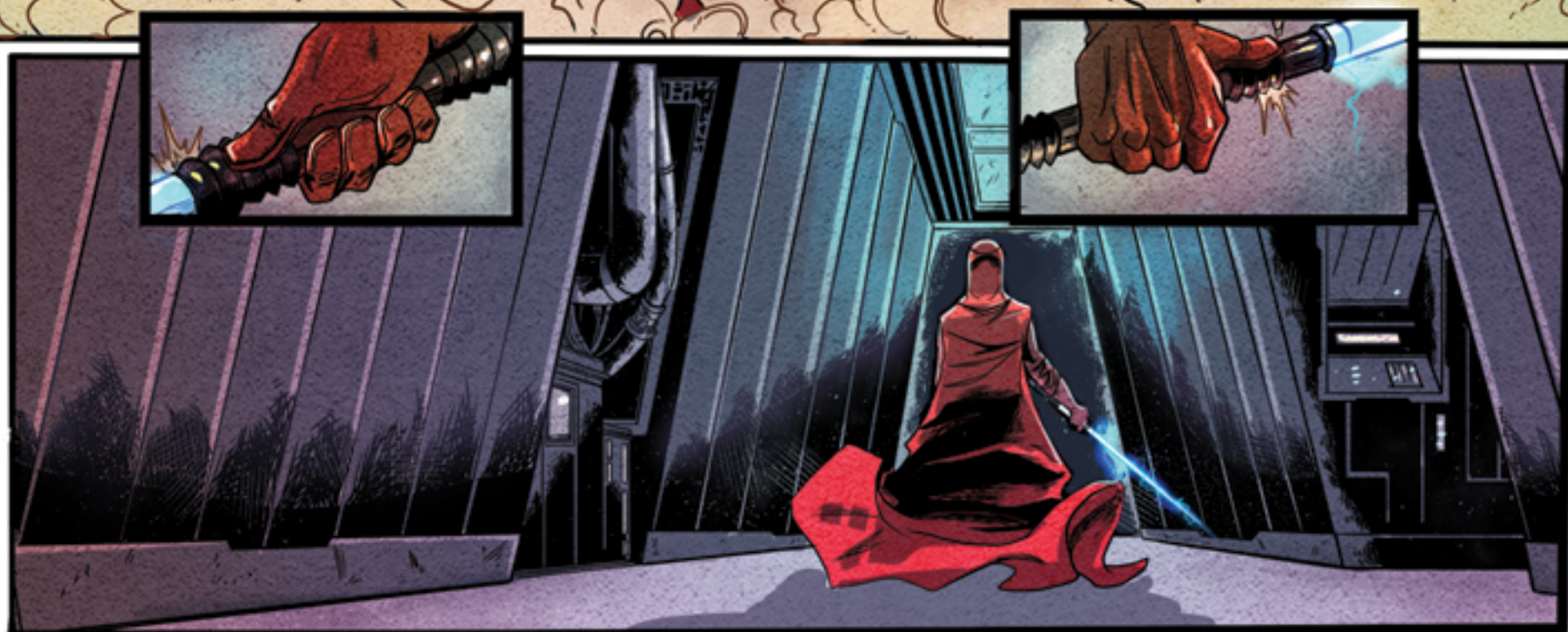


"THERE
IS NO POINT
IN HIDING."

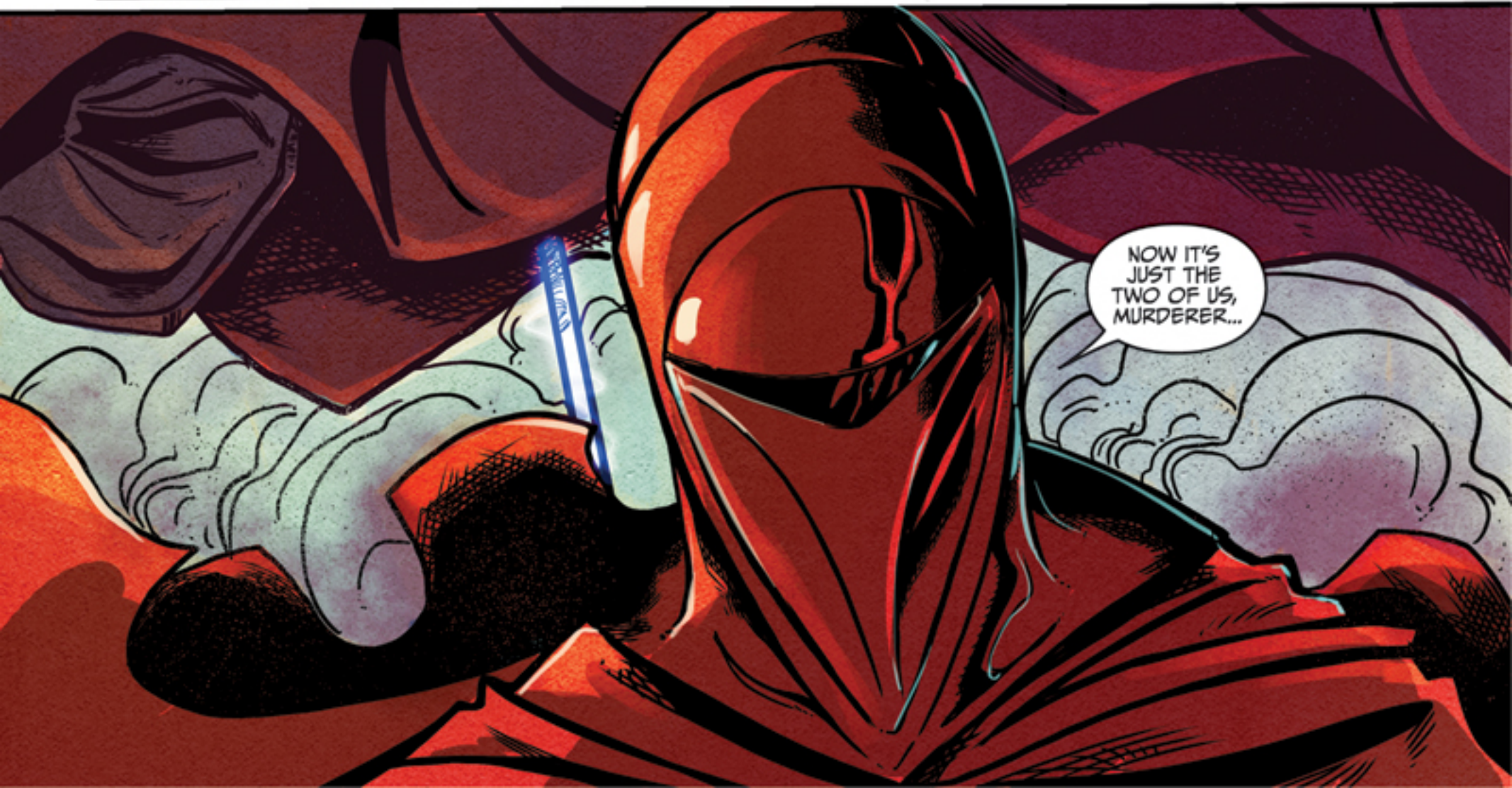


NOT WHEN
YOUR FEELINGS
SHALL LEAD US
RIGHT TO
YOU.







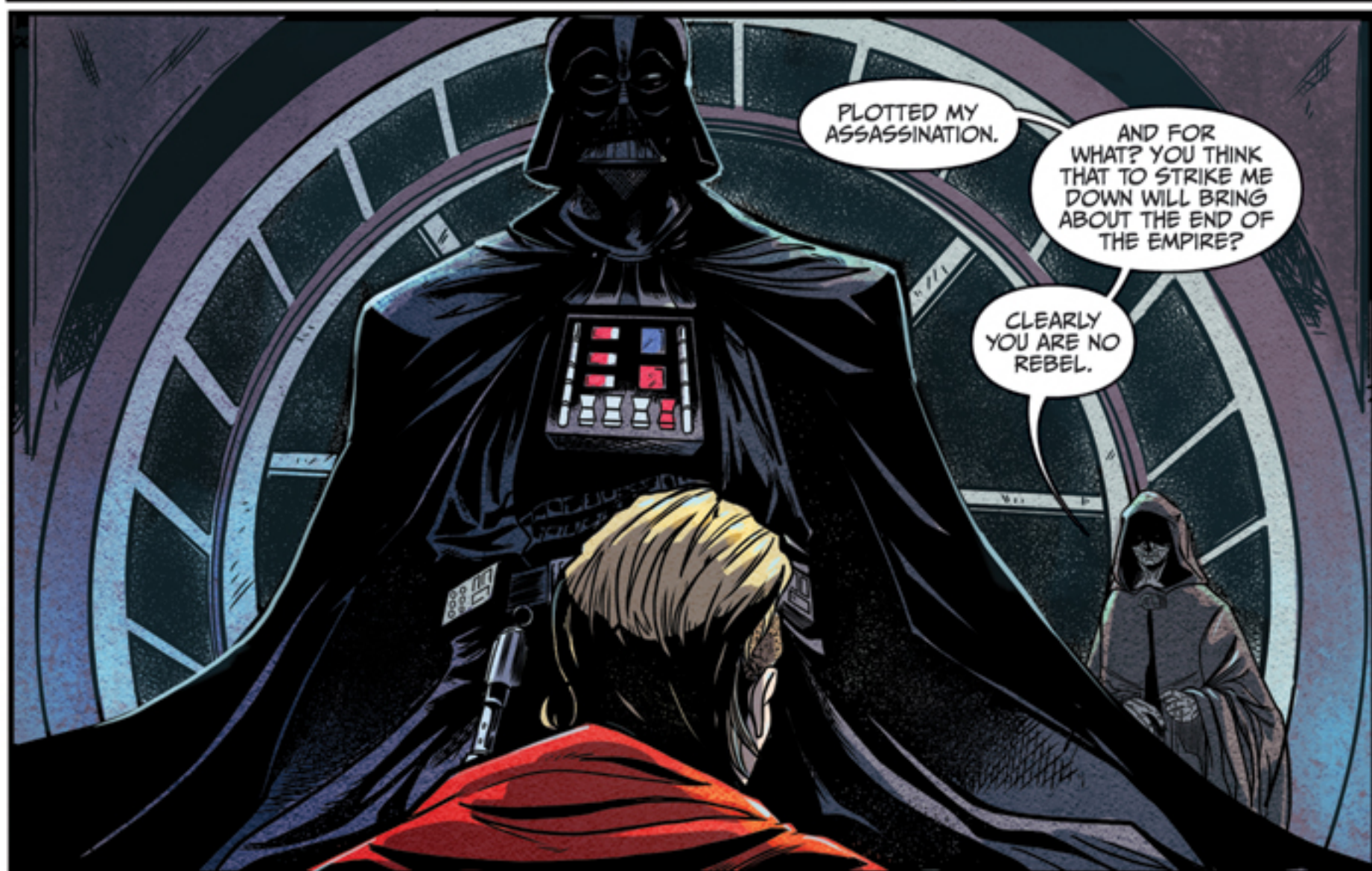


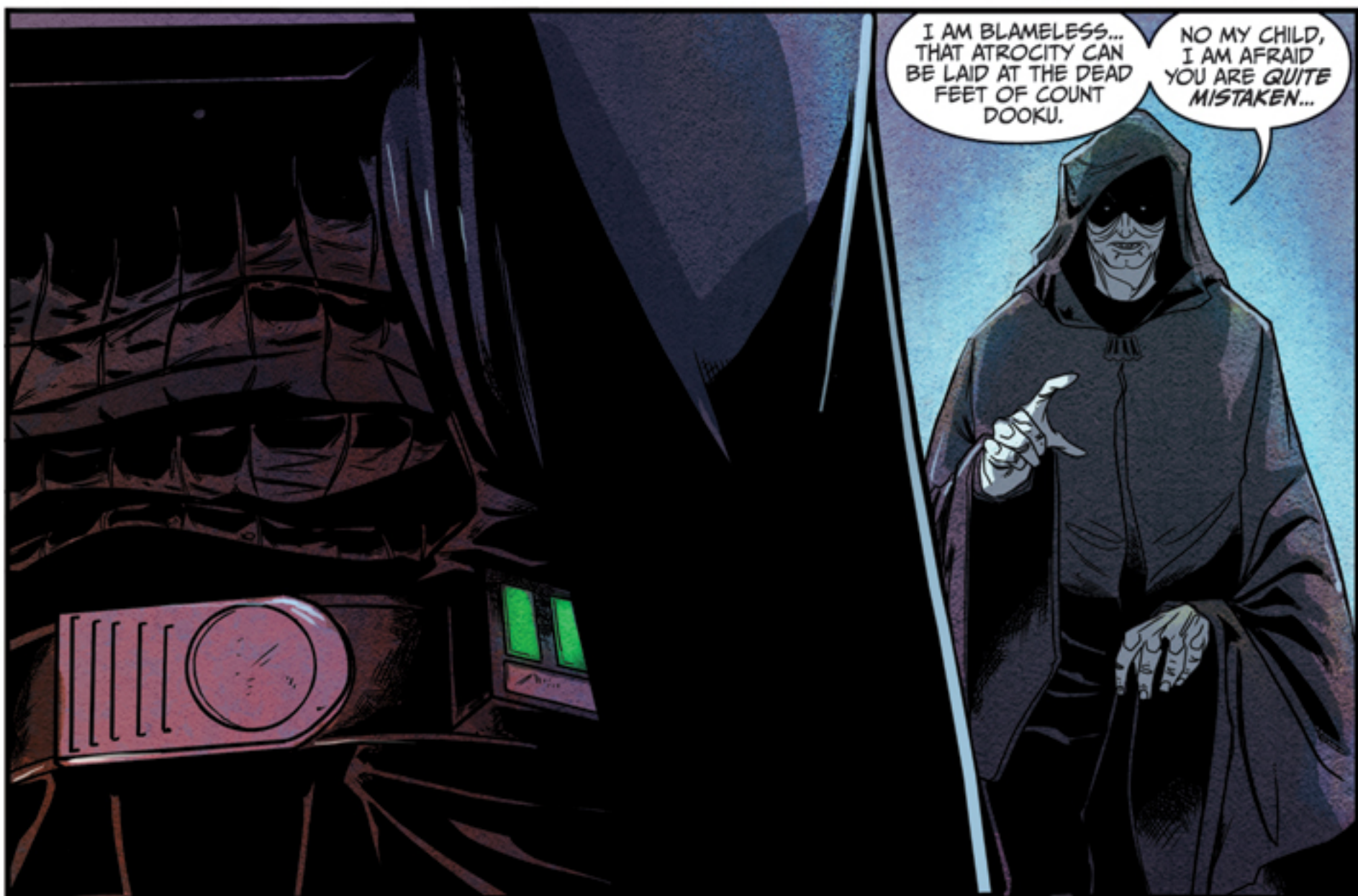
NOW IT'S
JUST THE
TWO OF US,
MURDERER...

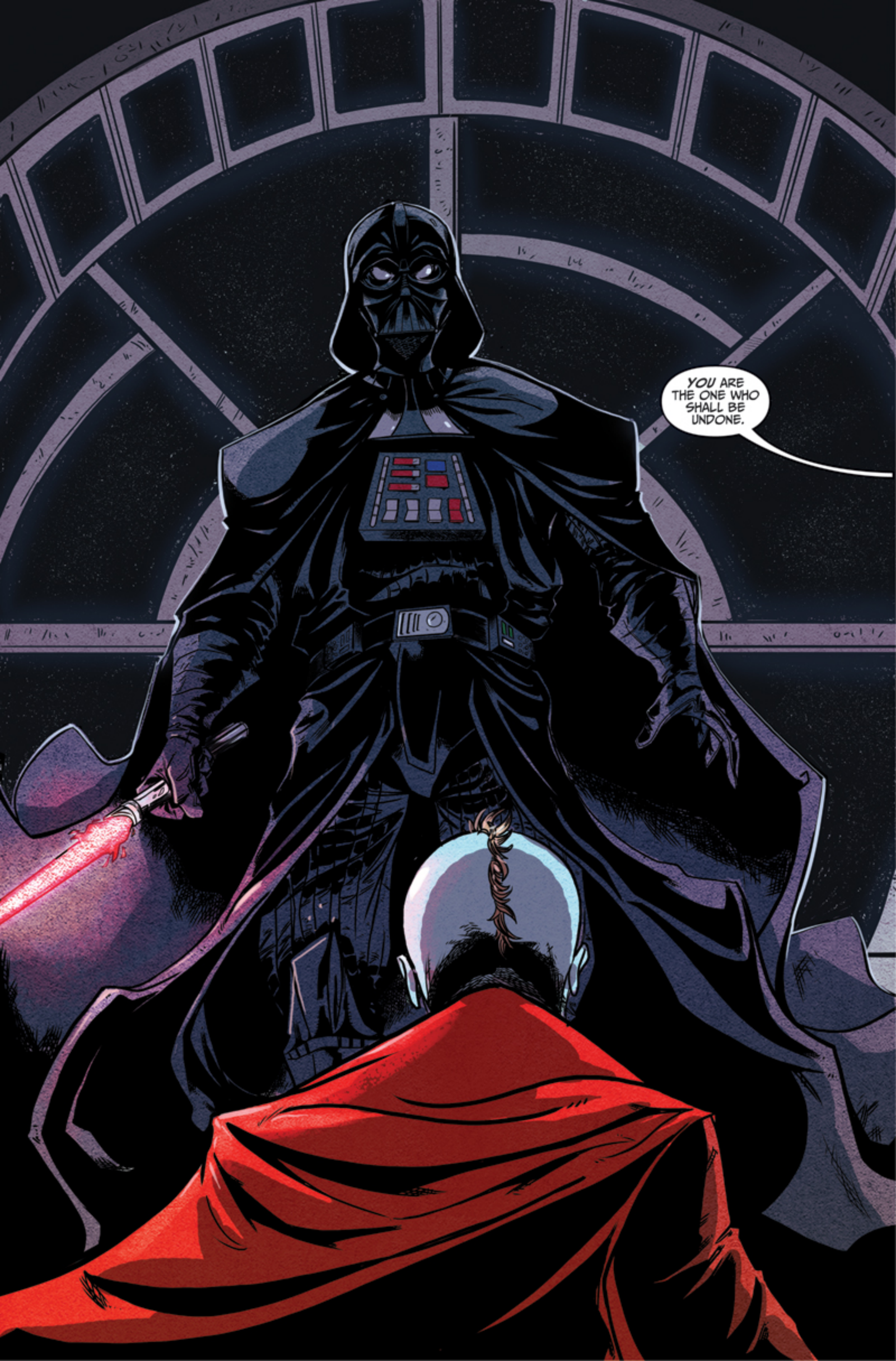












YOU ARE
THE ONE WHO
SHALL BE
UNDONE.



STAND
DOWN, LORD
VADER.



THRAUL
MUST DIE,
MASTER.

AND SO
SHE SHALL, MY
FRIEND. SO
SHE SHALL...



BUT HER
DEATH MUST SERVE
A PURPOSE...ONE FAR
BIGGER, AND MUCH
MORE POWERFUL
THAN THIS.

I HAVE
FORESEEN A
MYRIAD NUMBER
OF THREATS
RISING ALL
AROUND US.

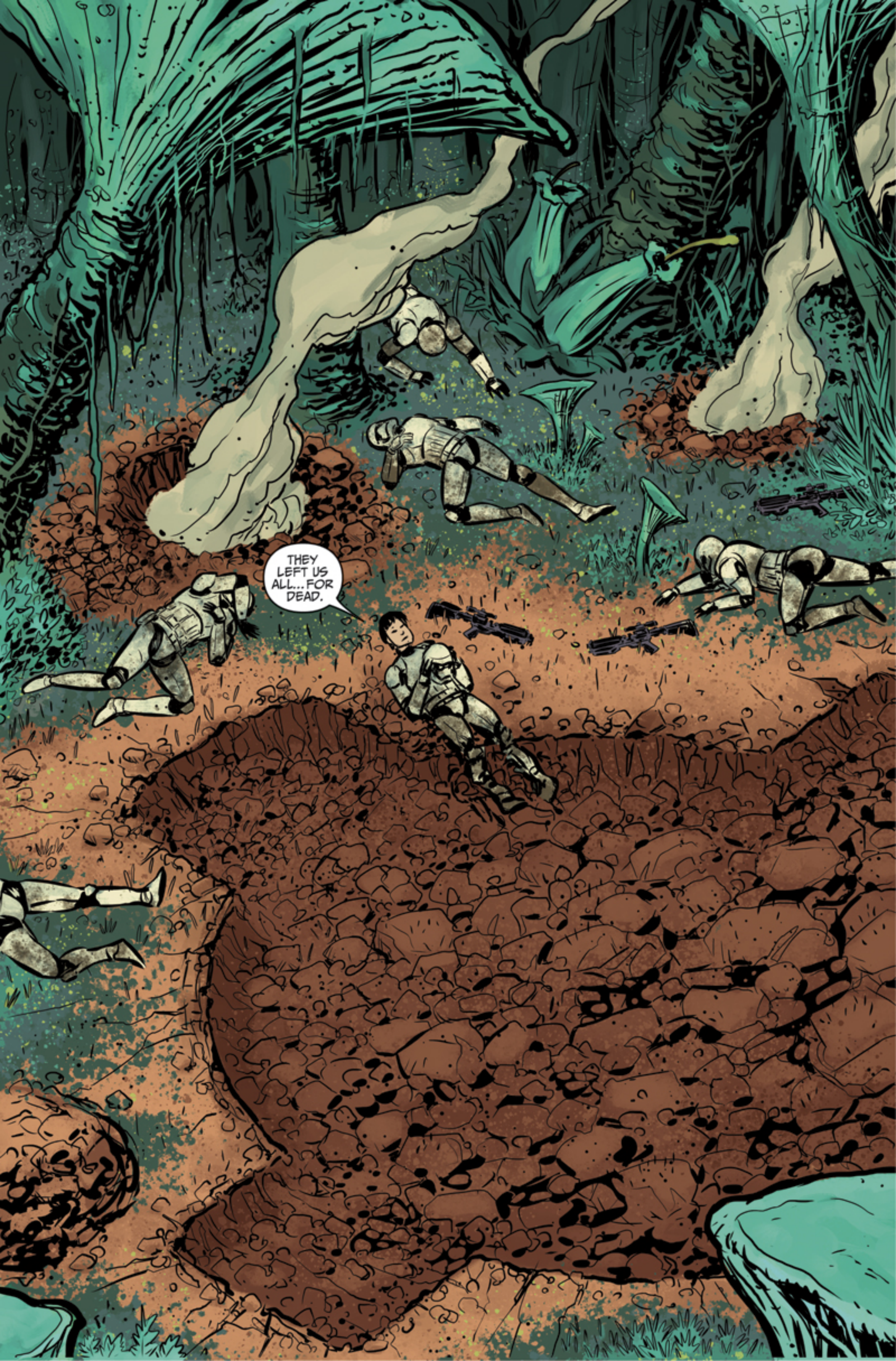




EPISODE III: FALLEN

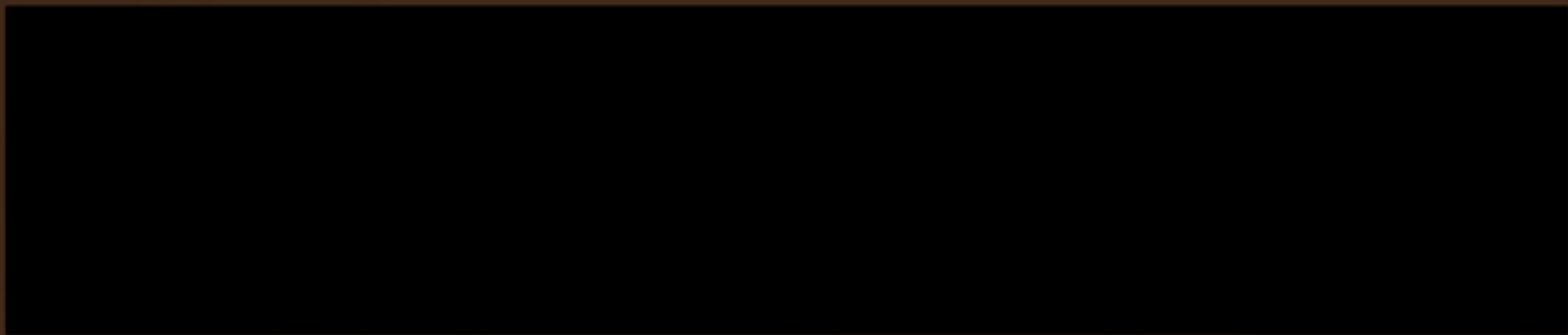


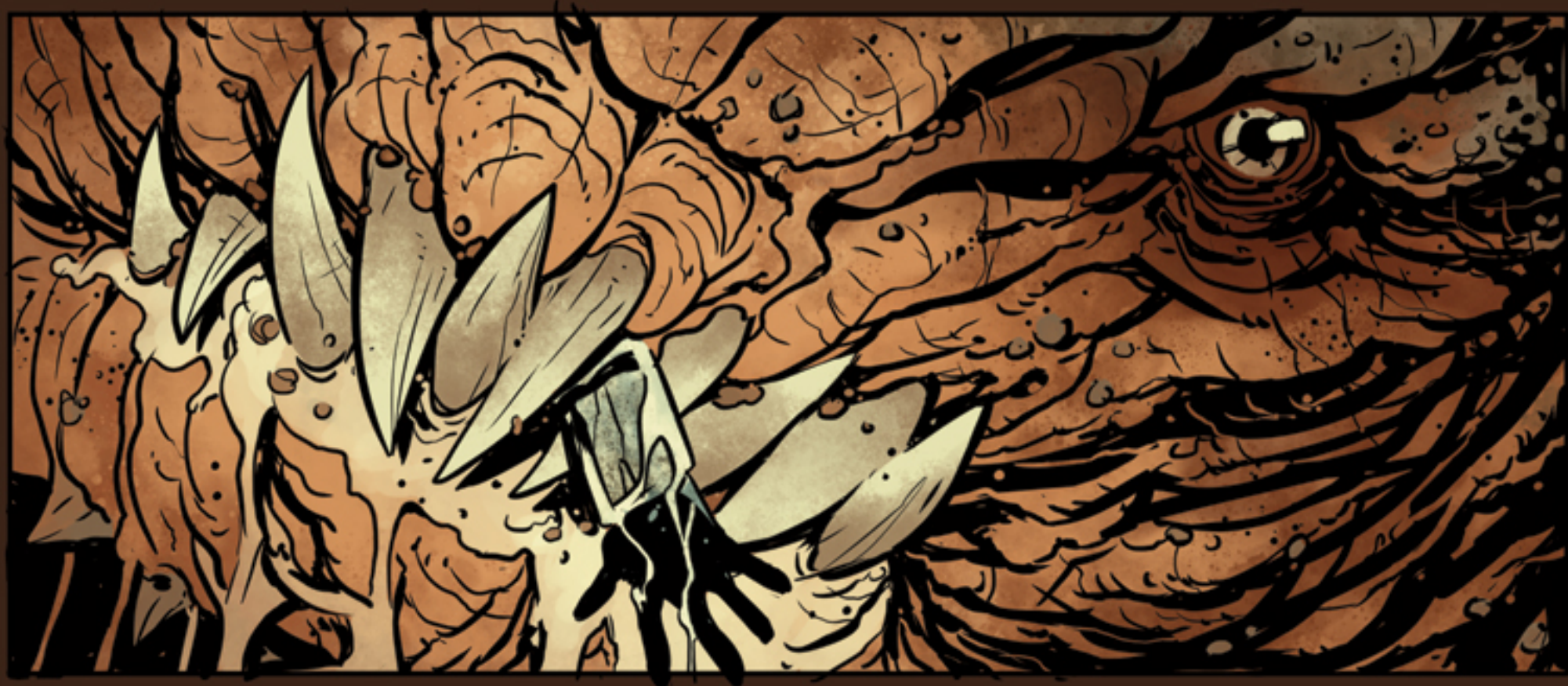




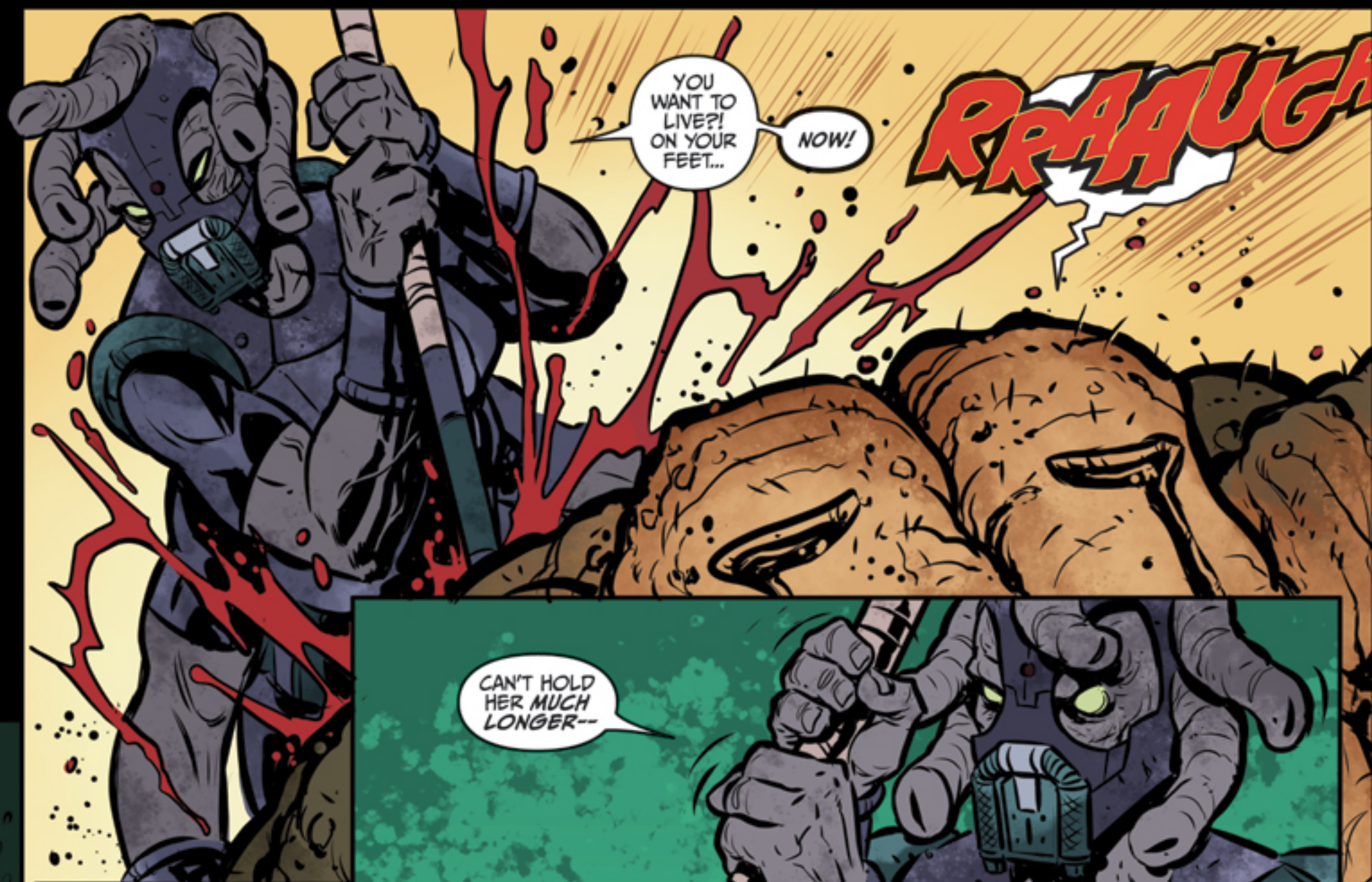
THEY
LEFT US
ALL... FOR
DEAD.











YOU WANT TO LIVE?!
ON YOUR FEET...

NOW!

RRRAUGH

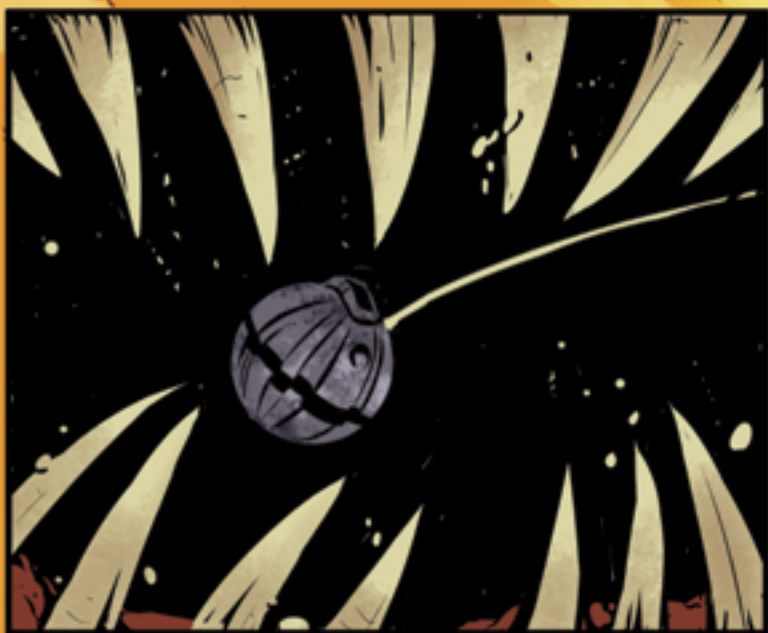


CAN'T HOLD
HER MUCH
LONGER--



RRRAUGH

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?!
PUT THAT
THING--








AREN'T YOU GOING TO TELL ME WHERE WE'RE GOING?

TODAY, SOMEPLACE DIFFERENT. FELUCIA HOLDS MANY SECRETS, JUST AS YOU DO...




THE FIRST ORDER SAID THAT YOU POSSESSED AN 'INHERENT GENIUS' FOR MECHANICAL ENGINEERING... THAT WAS THEIR TERM, CORRECT?

YEAH, SO... I TOLD YOU, AHMU... THAT NEVER HAPPENED.


I NEVER EVEN SO MUCH AS TOUCHED AN ASTROMECH DROID.

LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, THEY MADE ME A TROOPER, TRAINED ONLY TO FIGHT.



THE POINT OF OUR LITTLE SOJOURN IS THIS... YOU MAY HAVE LOST YOUR LEGS, GNU, BUT YOU STILL HAVE YOUR INTELLECT AND THOSE HANDS OF YOURS.

I'VE BEEN YOUR LEGS FOR LONG ENOUGH... TIME TO REALIZE YOUR PURPOSE OR PERISH.



SO 'SNAKES-FOR-HAIR' WHEN MIGHT YOU REVEAL MY PURPOSE?

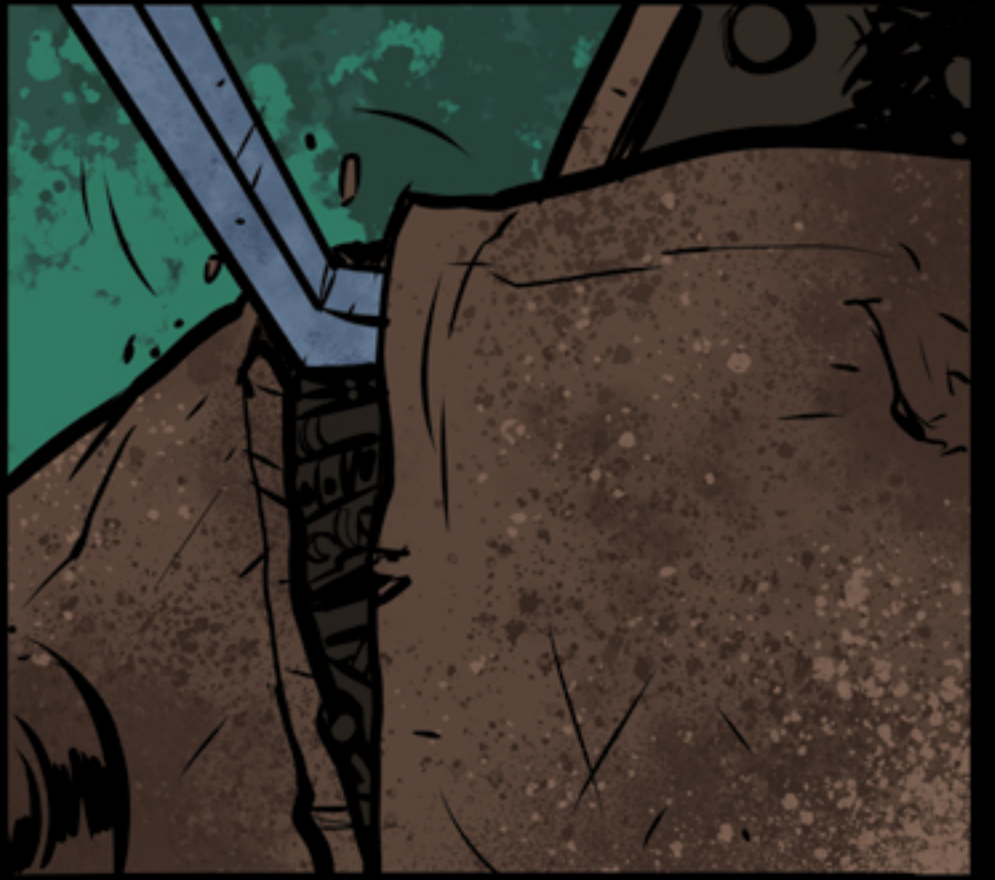
OR MAYBE WE SKIP THE PITHY WISDOM AND GO FEED GELAGRUB LARVE TO THE SARLACC AGAIN, 'CAUSE THAT WAS--



AWESOME!
WHAT IS THIS
PLACE?

THE
GRAVEYARD
OF A CRAVEN
MAN'S
LEGACY.

...I'M CERTAIN
THAT WHEN THE FIRST
ORDER RECOUNTS
EMPEROR PALPATINE'S
CROWNING TRIUMPH, THEY
OMIT A GREAT MANY
UNSAVORY DETAILS OF
EXACTLY HOW HE CAME
TO POWER...SUCH
AS THIS.





IT'S
WORKING!

ROGER-
ROGER!

HERE WE
ARE, LEFT FOR DEAD
AMONGST THE DISCARDED
AND FORGOTTEN...BUT THAT
DOES NOT MEAN THAT WE
NO LONGER EXIST...THAT
WE DON'T SOMEHOW
MATTER.

WE ALL
HAVE A VOICE
IN DETERMINING
OUR OWN
FATE.

TODAY, YOU
PROCLAIMED
JUST THAT
TO THE ENTIRE
GALAXY.

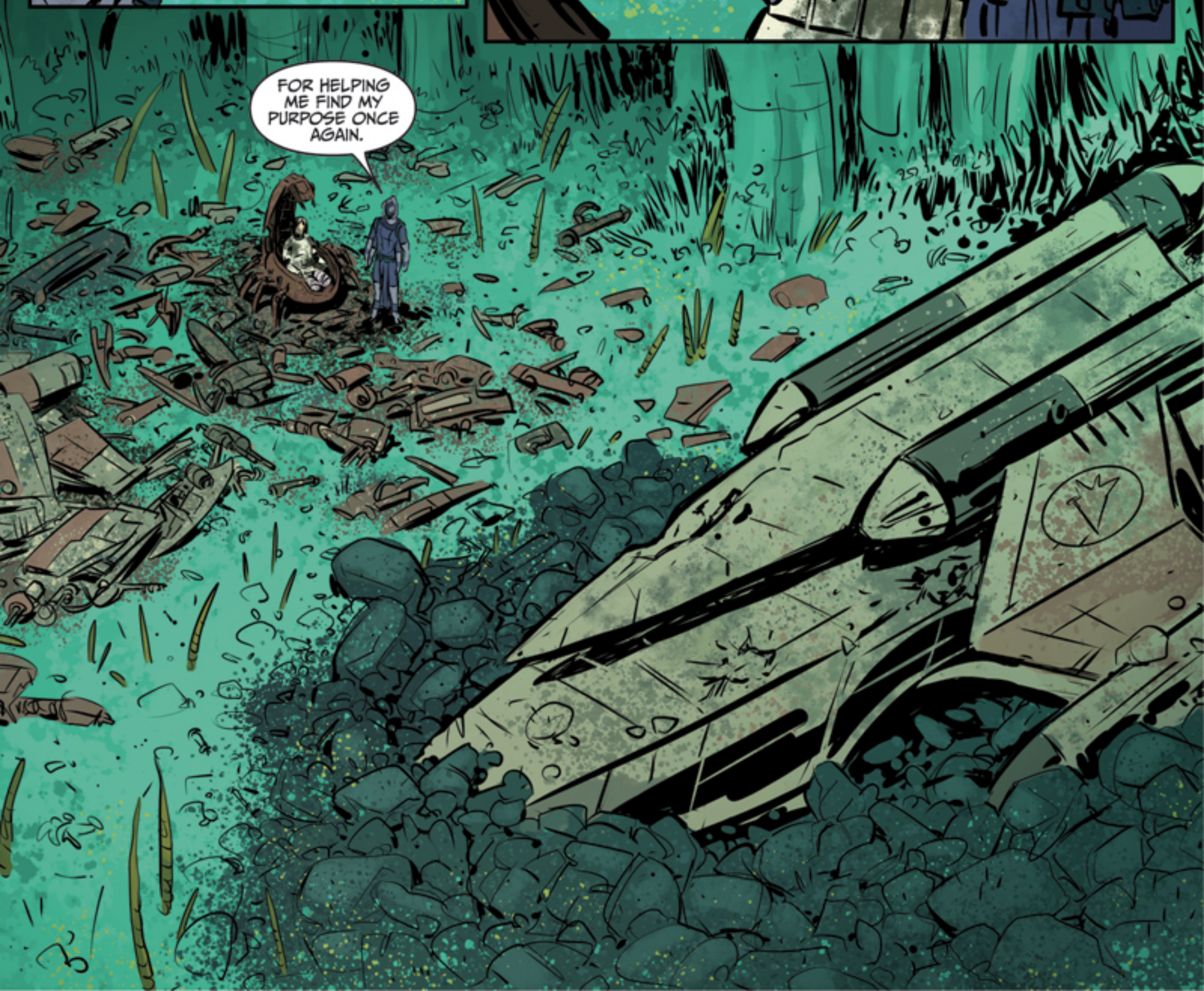


THANK
YOU,
GNU.

FOR
WHAT
AHMU?



FOR HELPING
ME FIND MY
PURPOSE ONCE
AGAIN.





EPIISODE IV: RISE THE DARKSTAR



"SORRY TO WAKE YOU
CAPTAIN LEONIS. BUT
IT'S A SHIP, SIR."

"IS IT THEM?"



"HARD TO SAY. MUST HAVE
COME OUT HYPERSPACE
RIGHT BELOW US. WE'RE
ONLY NOW PICKING UP
THE SIGNATURE..."



...THAT
SIMPLY
CANNOT
BE.

INFORMATION
NOW, ANALYSIS
LATER, HAVERICK.
IS. IT. *THEM*?

THE
SHIP IS READING
AS...PRE-IMPERIAL.
SPECIFICALLY, A TRADE
FEDERATION ERA
VARIABLE GEOMETRY
SELF-PROPELLED
MARK I, BATTLE
DROID...

A VULTURE.

THAT IS
IMPOSSIBLE--


NOTHING ISSS
IMPOSSIBLE.

IT'S
THEM.



GREETINGSSSS
CAPTAIN
LEONISSSS.

WE MEET
AGAIN.




AND FOR
THE LAST TIME,
I ASSURE YOU,
SULAC.


WHERE'S
YOUR SORRY
LITTLE BAND OF
MISFITS AND
MONGELS?



PLAYING
SSSABBAC
ON ROON.



IT'S ONLY
A MATTER OF TIME
BEFORE WE STOP YOU.
HOW MANY TIMES DO
YOU INTEND TO
DO THIS?



UNTIL YOU
CEASSSE.

WE TAKE
BACK, UNTIL ALL
HAVE *EQUAL*.
FIRSSST ORDERS
LEAVE TOO MANY
WITH TOO
LITTLE.



EVEN
THE RESISTANCE
REJECTS YOUR
PITIFUL CRUSADE
SULAC. AND THAT
LEAVES YOU
WHERE?

IN EXACTLY
THE SAME
PLACE AS THOSE
YOU CLAIM TO
CHAMPION...



WITHOUT
ALLEGIANCE YOU
ARE POWERLESS
TO AFFECT ANY
REAL CHANGE.



DARKSSSTAR
ARE FREE...

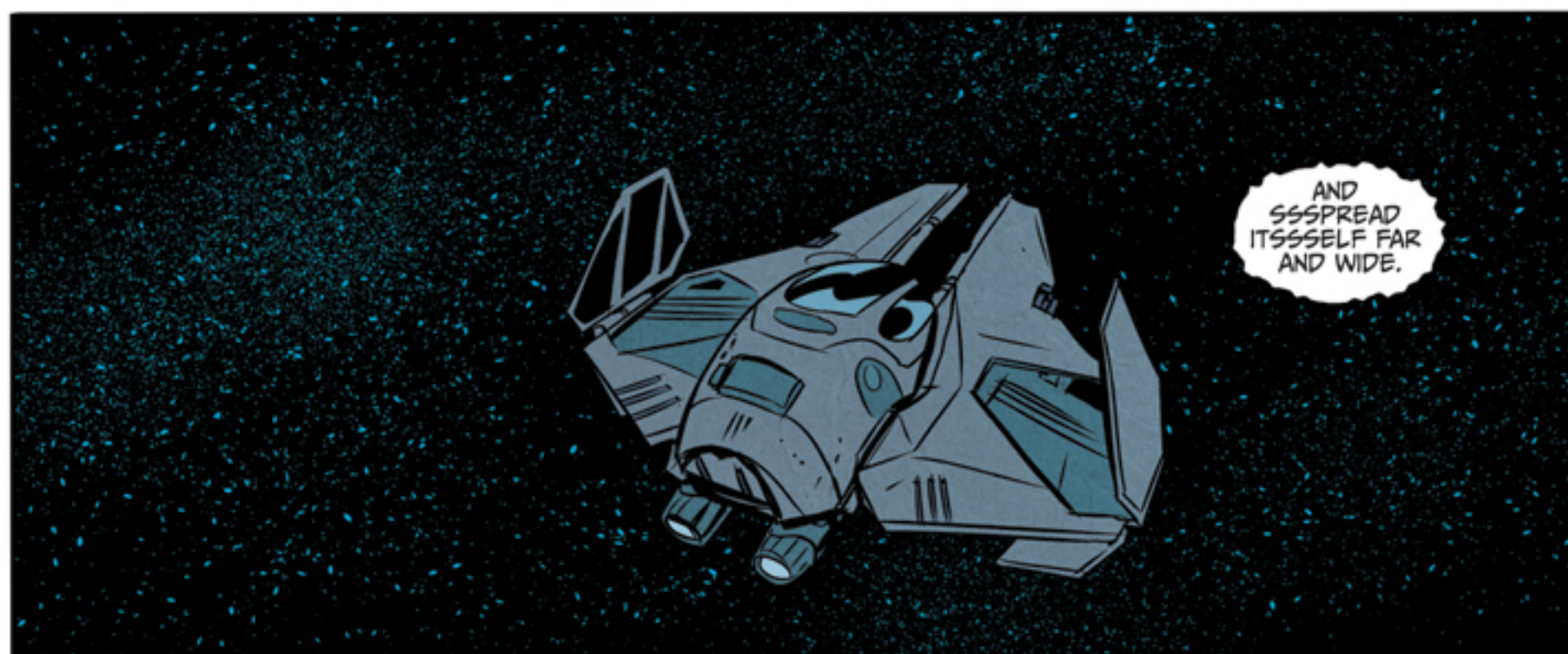
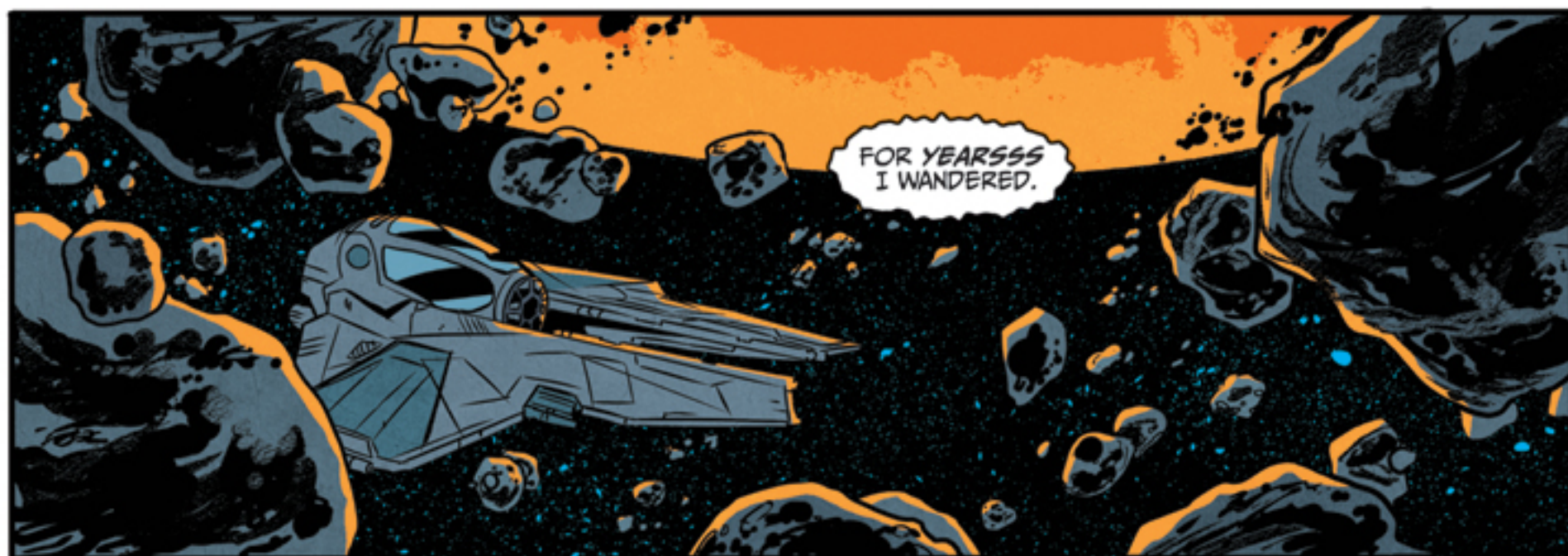
AND
SSSTRONGER
THAN YOU
KNOW, CAPTAIN
LEONISS.



YOU ARE
A RELIC! AND
A PERVERTED
ONE AT THAT.




THISSS,
ISSS NOT OF
MY CHOISSSE.
THOSSSE LIKE
YOU MADE ME
WHAT I AM.




UNTIL THE
ENTIRE GALAXY WASSS
CONSSSUMED BY ITSSS
DARKNESSS...





THE SHIP.
WHAT HAVE YOU
LEARNED?


HE DOES
NOT SPEAK, AND
THE SMELL IS
INTOLERABLE...



YOUR
INGENUITY IS
SOEELY LACKING,
LT. VAUGHT. ASSIGN
THE PRISONER TO
A MED-BAY.

BUT, MY
LORD...HE DOES
NOT REQUIRE
ANY MEDICAL
ATTENTION.

HE
SHALL.



HAVE
A PROTOCOL
DROID BROUGHT
TO MY QUARTERS,
IMMEDIATELY.
LEAVE THE REST
TO ME.

YES,
LORD
VADER.



"THE SSSHIP
I USSSE TO LEAVE
TATOOINE, WASSS THE
MACHINE OF A GREAT
WARRIOR JEDI...
KENO-BI."

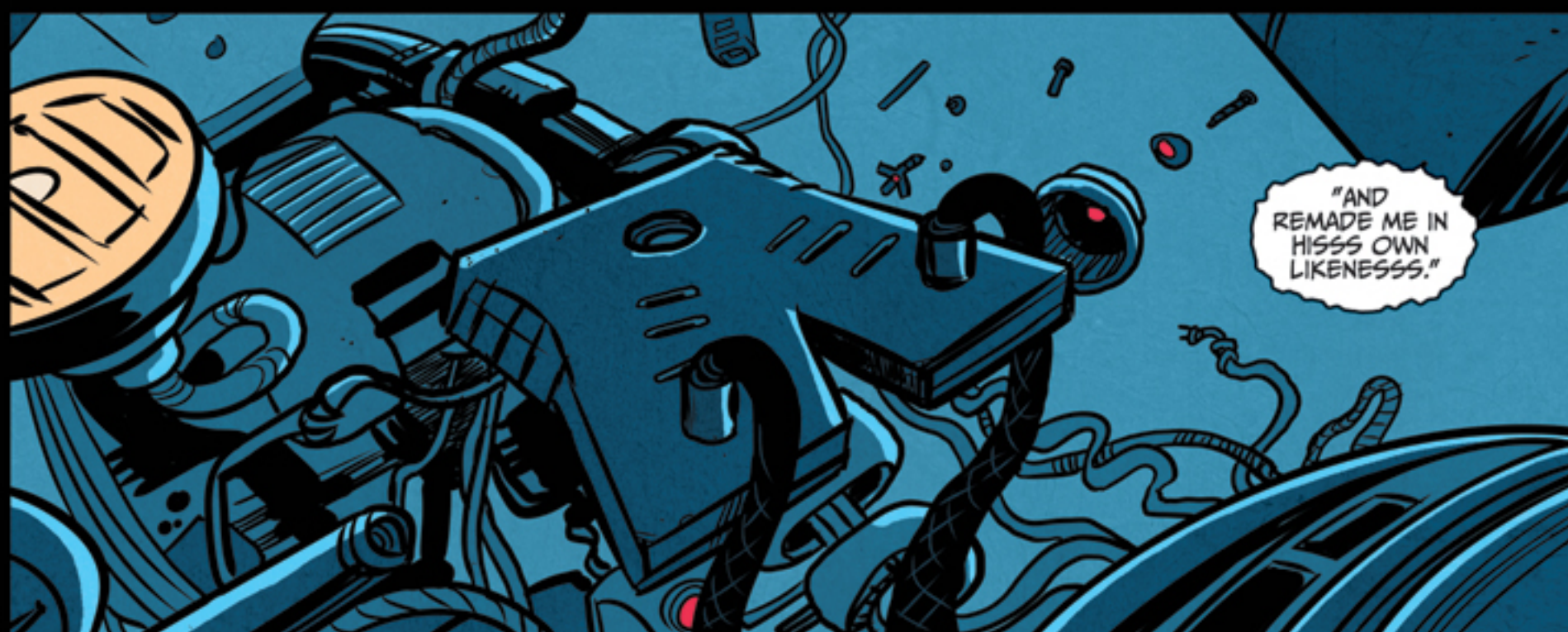
"HE WASSS
HATED..."



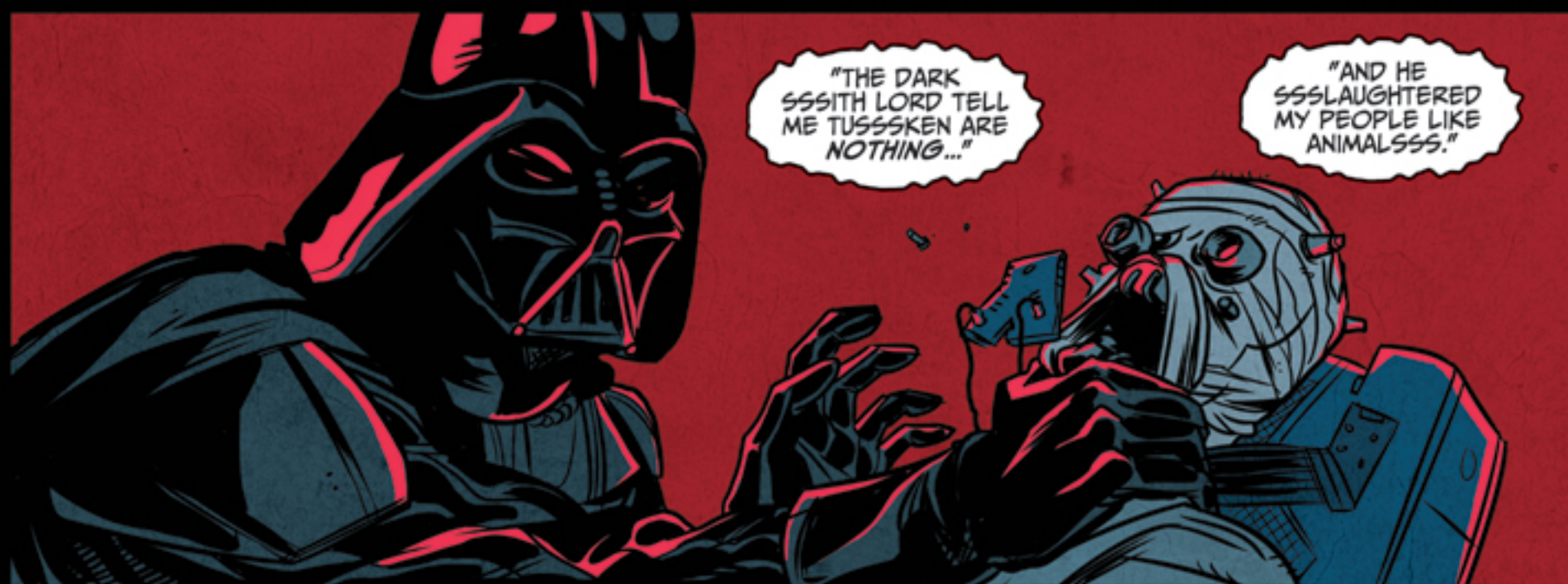
"HUNTED BY
A TWISSSTED
MONSSSTER
SSSEEKING
REVENGE."



"THISSS
I LEARNED
ASSS HE
TWISSSTED..."



"AND
REMADE ME IN
HISSS OWN
LIKENESSS."



"THE DARK
SSSITH LORD TELL
ME TUSSKEN ARE
NOTHING..."

"AND HE
SSSLAUGHTERED
MY PEOPLE LIKE
ANIMALSSS."



I SHALL
NOT ASK YOU
AGAIN...WHERE
DID YOU GET
THAT SHIP?

"HE WASSS
READY TO END
MY LIFE...THE
ANGER
CONSSSUME
HIM."



TELL ME
NOW OR
DIE!



LORD VADER,
I SEE YOU ARE
STILL CHASING
AFTER
GHOSTS.

WHAT IS IT
GOVERNOR
TARKIN?

WE HAVE
OBTAINED THE
TANTIVE IV.



THE
EMPEROR HAS
REQUESTED THAT
YOU PERSONALLY
GREET SENATOR
ORGANA.

AS THE
MASTER
COMMANDS
IT.



AND YOU NEEDN'T
CONCERN YOURSELF WITH
THIS DISTRACTION ANY
LONGER.

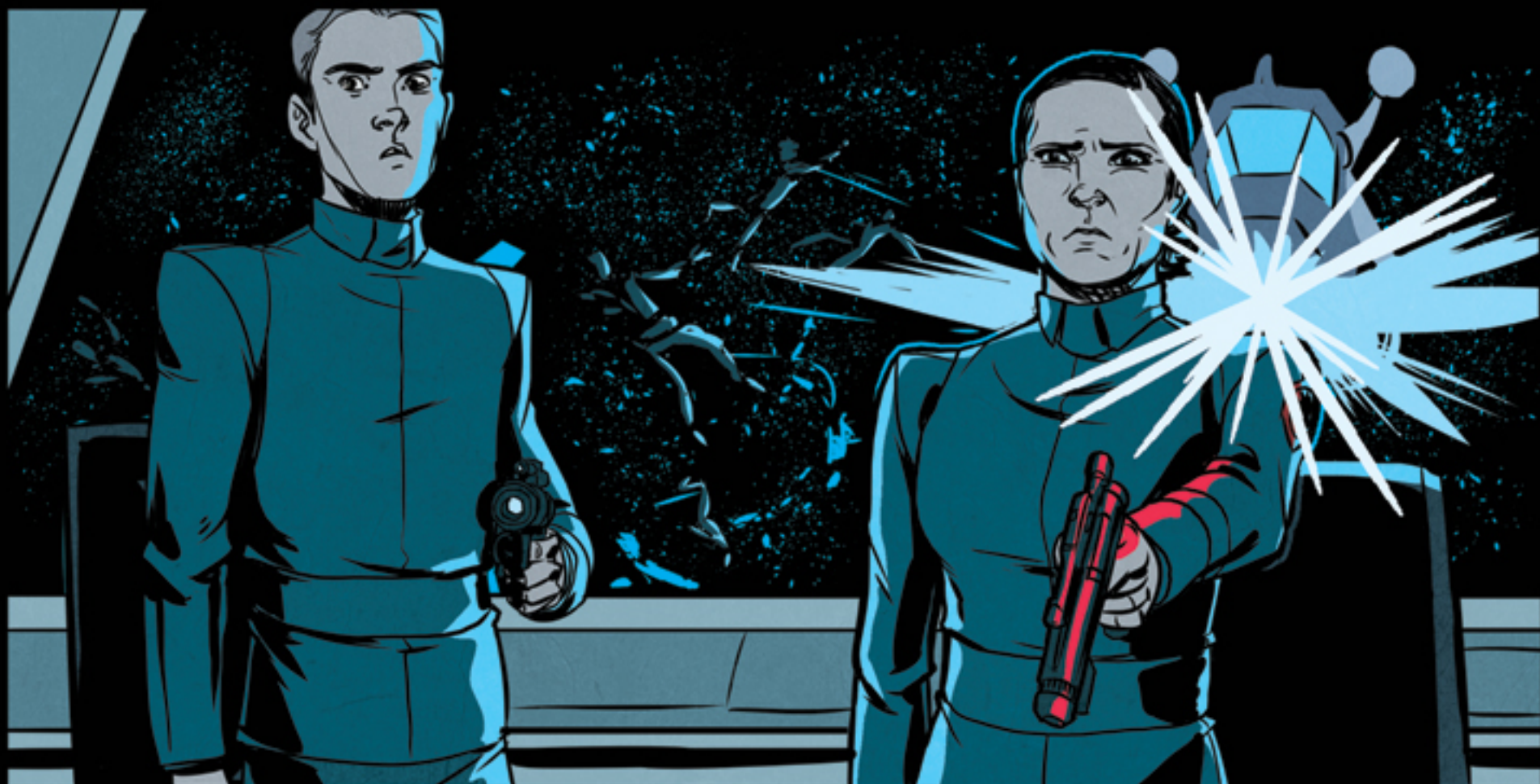
RETRIEVING
THOSE PLANS FROM
THE SENATOR IS
PARAMOUNT TO
PRESERVING OUR
STRENGTH.



I SHALL
PERSONALLY
HANDLE THIS
FILTH.



NOW
DO YOU SEE,
CAPTAIN LEONIS...
WHAT MADE ME
WHAT I AM?

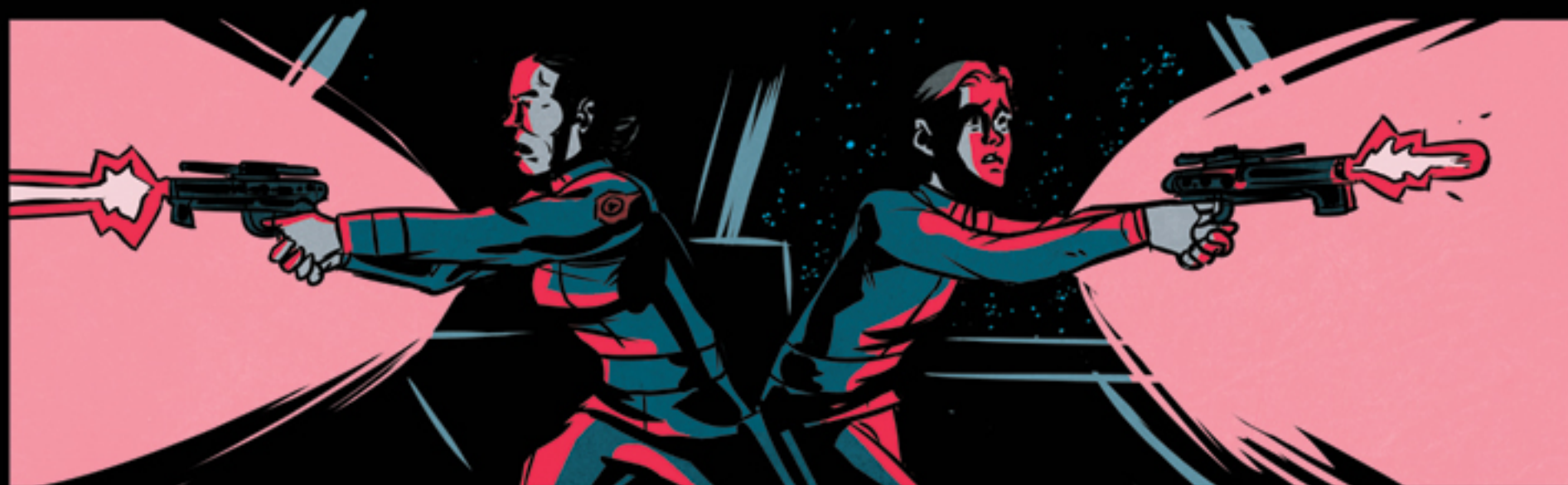




RESTORE
POWER,
IMMEDIATELY...
TAKE HIM!

THE
DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN
USSS...

DARKNESSS
HASSS MADE
YOU FEARFUL.



AND YOUR
FEAR HAS
MADE YOU
WEAK.

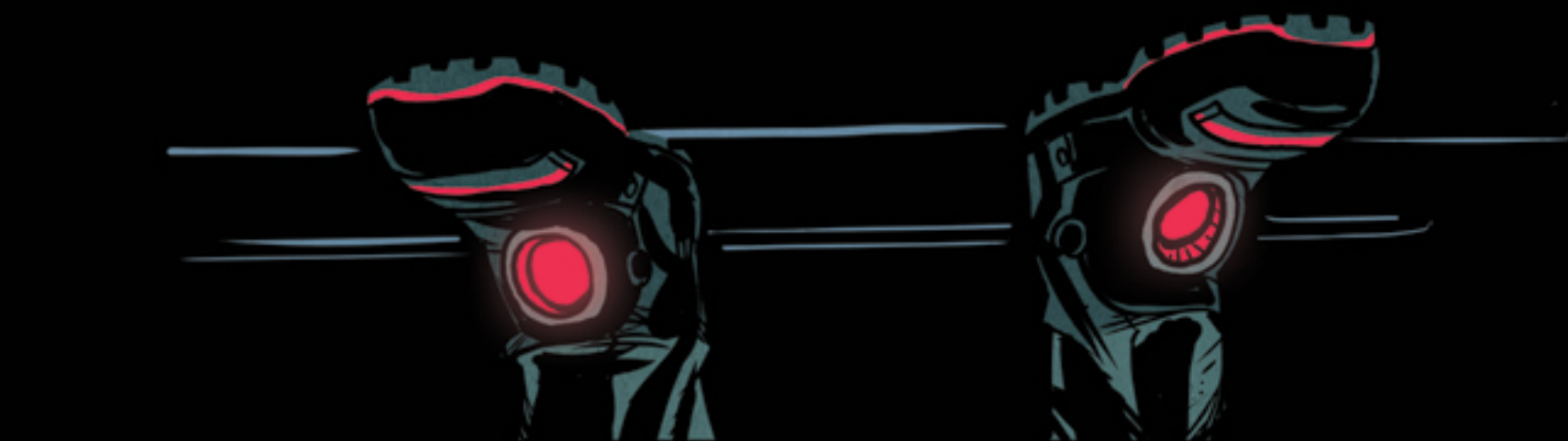
WHEREASSS
THE DARKNESSS
TAUGHT ME TO
FEAR NOTHING.



WHRAK!!

GRAUGH!

ESPECIALLY NOT
THOSSSE THAT HAVE
SSSURRENDERED
TO IT.





YOU WILL BE
CHASSING AFTER
GHOSTSSS...



STAR WARS

FORBIDDEN

Conflict ravages the planet Mandalore. Following centuries of warmongering, the planet's new government seeks a pacifist stance, while insurgent forces rally against the so-called 'New Mandalorians.'

Jedi Knight Qui-Gon Jinn and his padawan, Obi-Wan Kenobi, are sent to the planet to protect the Duchess, SATINE KRYZE. Enamored by Satine, Obi-Wan finds himself struggling with his feelings for the young Duchess, and at odds with the Jedi code which forbids emotional attachments.

Leaving Mandalore and the Duchess under the watchful eye of his studious padawan, Qui-Gon returns to Coruscant seeking the Jedi Council's advice. In his absence, a budding friendship threatens to blind Obi-Wan and Satine to the growing peril now surrounding them on all sides...

**THE PLANET
MANDALORE.**

WE'RE IN
AGREEMENT
THEN, MASTER
QUI-GON?

INDEED, ALMEC.
YOUR FEAR OF INSURGENCY
IS NOT MISPLACED. I DO NOT
BELIEVE MANDALORE WILL BE
SAFE FOR YOUNG *DUCHESS
SATINE* FOR MUCH
LONGER.

NOW I
MERELY HAVE TO
CONVINCE THE
JEDI COUNCIL. I
SHOULD BE BACK
FROM CORUS-
CANT IN A FEW
DAYS...

...IN THE MEANTIME, MY
PADAWAN, *Obi-wan
Kenobi*, WILL MAINTAIN
HIS POST. THE FORCE
IS STRONG WITH
HIM--

THIS PALACE--AND THE
DUCHESS--WILL BE SAFE IN
MY ABSENCE. OBI-WAN WILL
MAKE SURE OF IT.

THIS WON'T BE LIKE WHEN
YOU LEFT ME ALONE ON
TAKODANA--NO MORE
FIGHTING, OR--

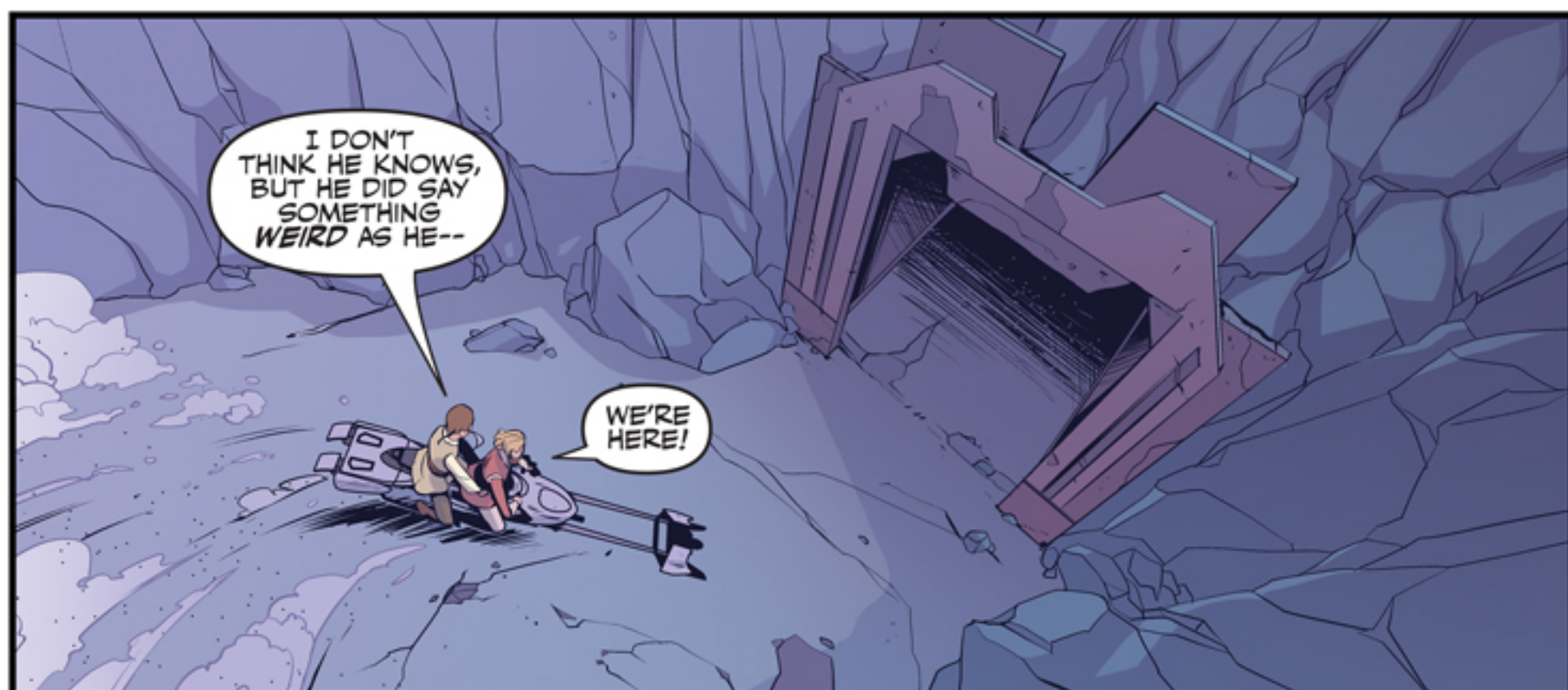
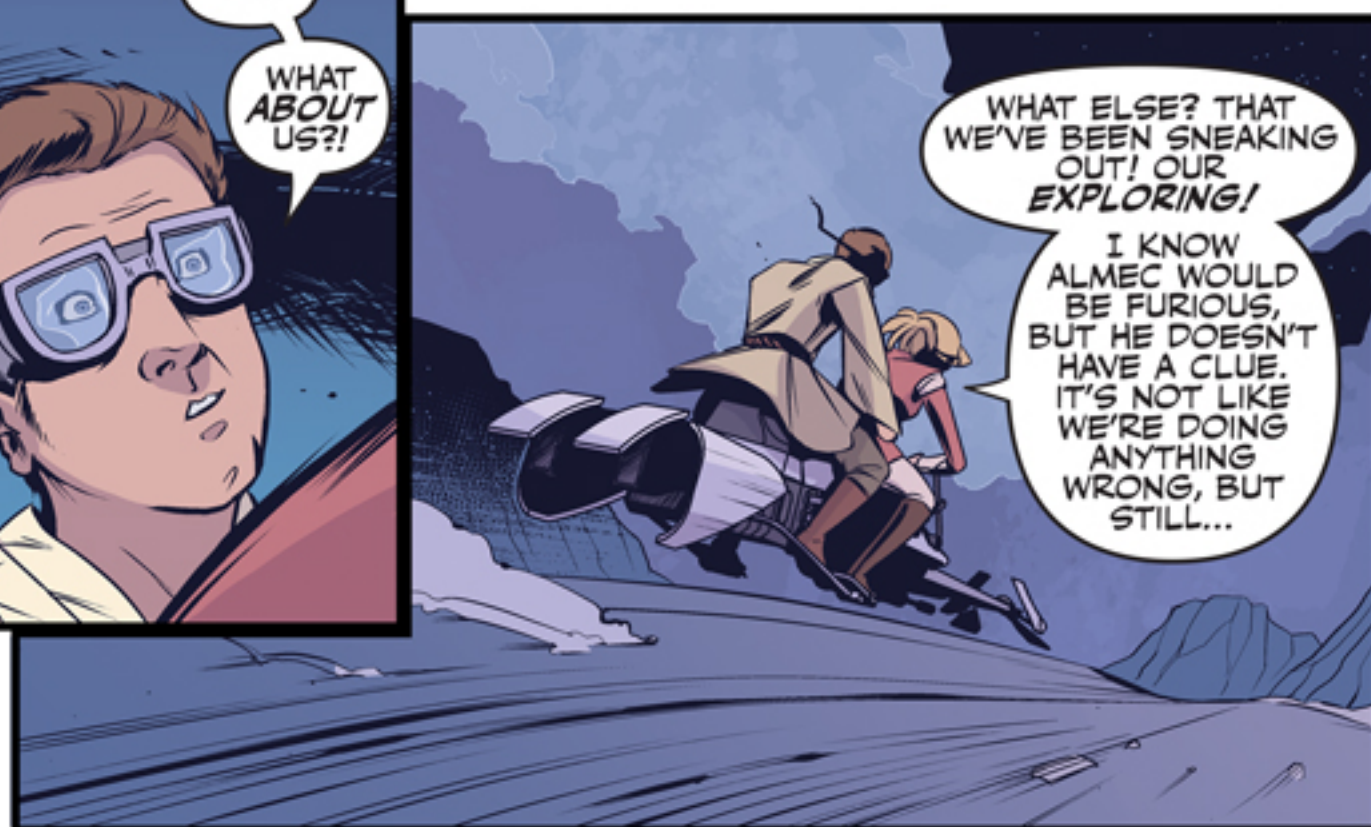
I KNOW.
I TRUST
YOU.

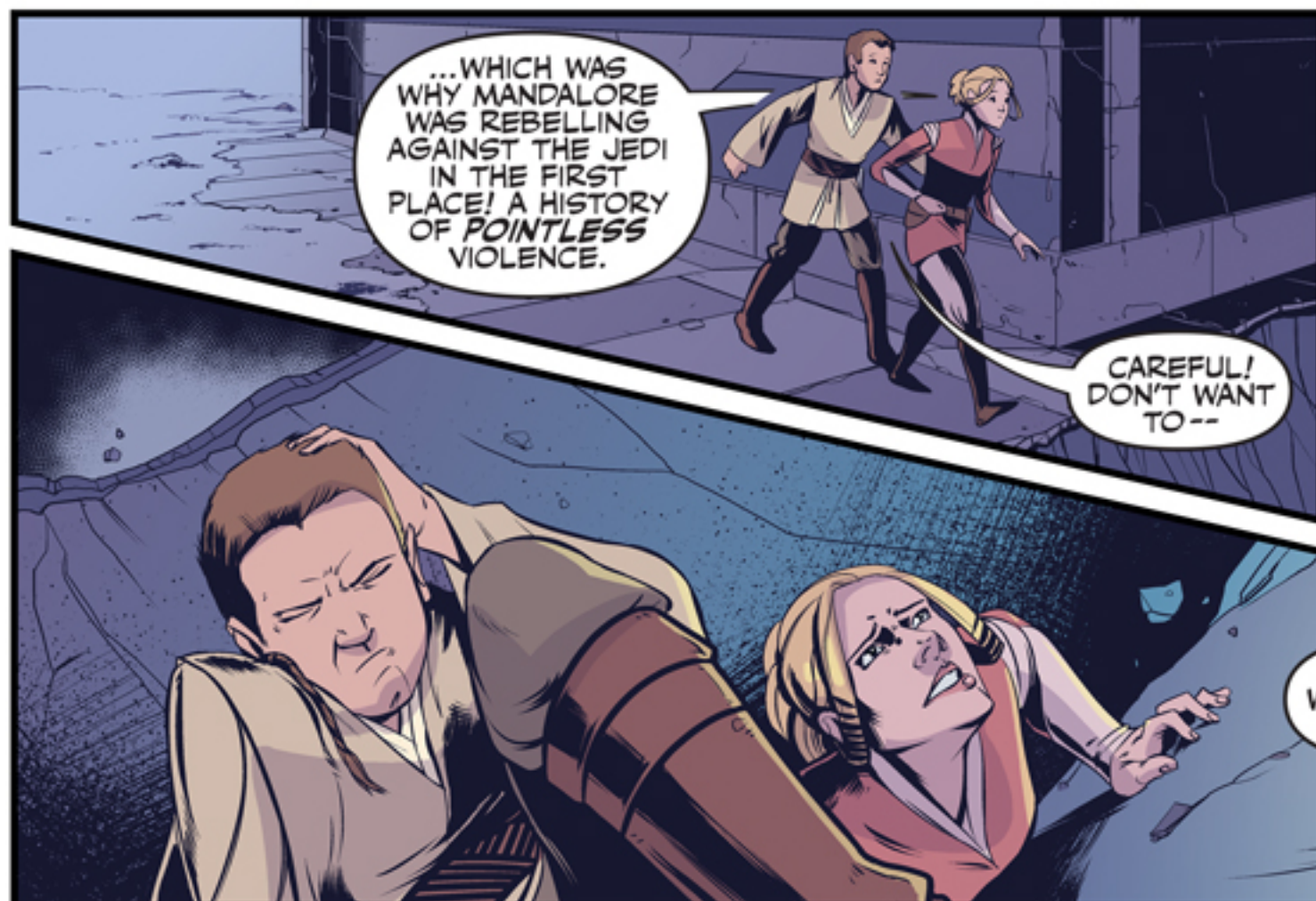
THE JEDI WAY TEACHES US
CONTROL, AND THIS YOU HAVE
BEGUN TO UNDERSTAND. BUT
WHILE I AM AWAY, I MUST ASK
YOU TO LISTEN TO YOUR
FEELINGS--TO TRUST IN THE
LIVING FORCE. IT WILL
GUIDE YOU WHILE
I CANNOT.

WHATEVER
YOU SAY,
MASTER-- I'LL
PROBABLY
JUST SPEND
THE NEXT
FEW DAYS...
MEDITATING.

INDEED? A
MASTER COULD
NOT ASK FOR A
MORE DILIGENT
STUDENT.

AND,
OBI-WAN?





...WHICH WAS WHY MANDALORE WAS REBELLING AGAINST THE JEDI IN THE FIRST PLACE! A HISTORY OF POINTLESS VIOLENCE.

CAREFUL! DON'T WANT TO--



--FALL?

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW--



LOOKS LIKE THERE IS A BACK ENTRANCE INTO THIS PLACE.

LOOKS LIKE THERE IS A BACK ENTRANCE INTO THIS PLACE.

PIRATES!



WE PREFER THE TERM "PRIVATEERS," ACTUALLY. BUT LOOK AT THIS --



I NEVER FORGET A FAMOUS FACE.

IT'S YOUR DUCHESS, KLAD.



NOT MY DUCHESS, TEHRA-- SHE'S ONE OF THEM COWARDLY "NEW MANDALORIANS."

STILL, THE INSURGENCY WILL PAY A PRETTY PRICE FOR HER. BEST TAKE HER ALIVE.









OBI,
DUCK!



AAAAARRRGHHH!



THAT WAS QUICK THINKING.
I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT
THE RODIAN'S *BLASTER*--
I DIDN'T REALIZE MY
LIGHTSABER WAS OUT
OF REACH.

OBI...IT
WASN'T.

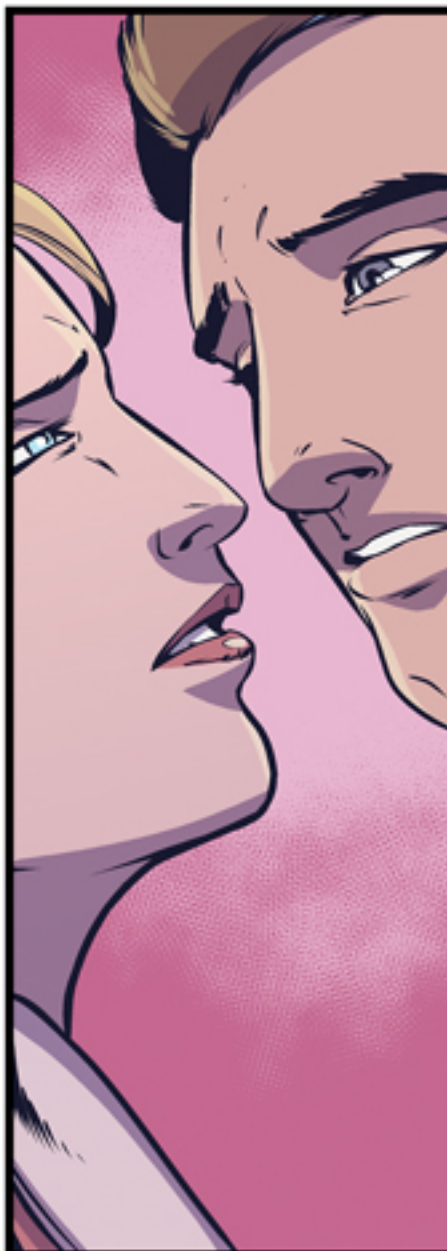
I DIDN'T THROW
YOU THE LIGHTSABER
BECAUSE I THOUGHT, IF
YOU FOUGHT WITH IT...
YOU MIGHT KILL KLAD.



HE'S A MURDERER, AND MANDALORE'S
HISTORY IS FULL OF PEOPLE LIKE HIM. OURS
IS A CULTURE OF MURDER, OBI, AND I CAN'T
TAKE ANYMORE OF IT. AND I THOUGHT THAT
IF I SAW YOU KILL SOMEONE--IF SOMEONE
I CARED ABOUT WAS A KILLER, I...



SATINE...



WELL. THANK YOU.
BUT IT'S GETTING
LATE.

WE SHOULD...
PROBABLY GET
BACK BEFORE
SOMEONE *NOTICES*
WE'RE GONE.

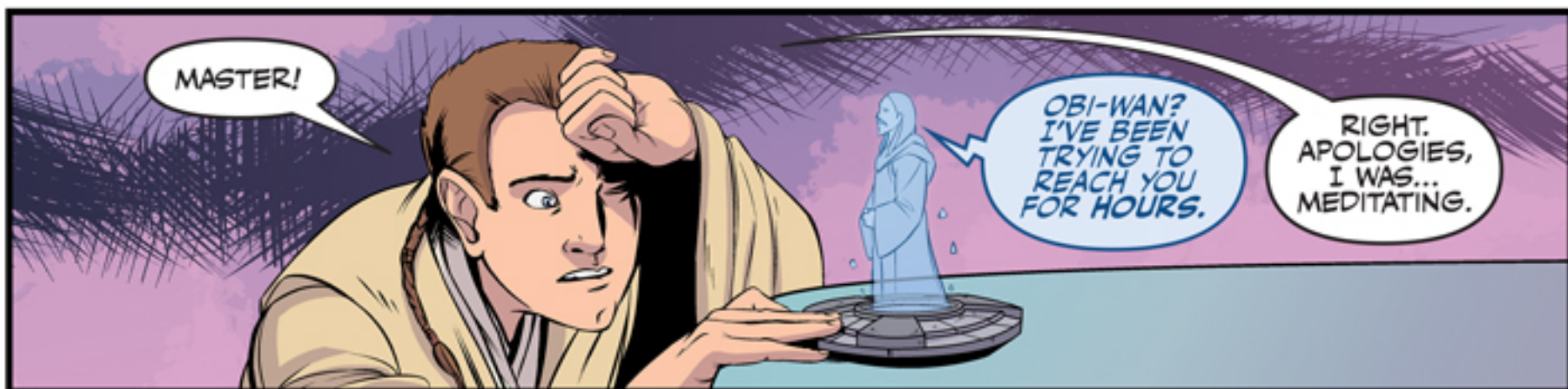
OF
COURSE.



UGH,
MOTHER OF
MOONS...



OH, NO. OF
COURSE.



MASTER!

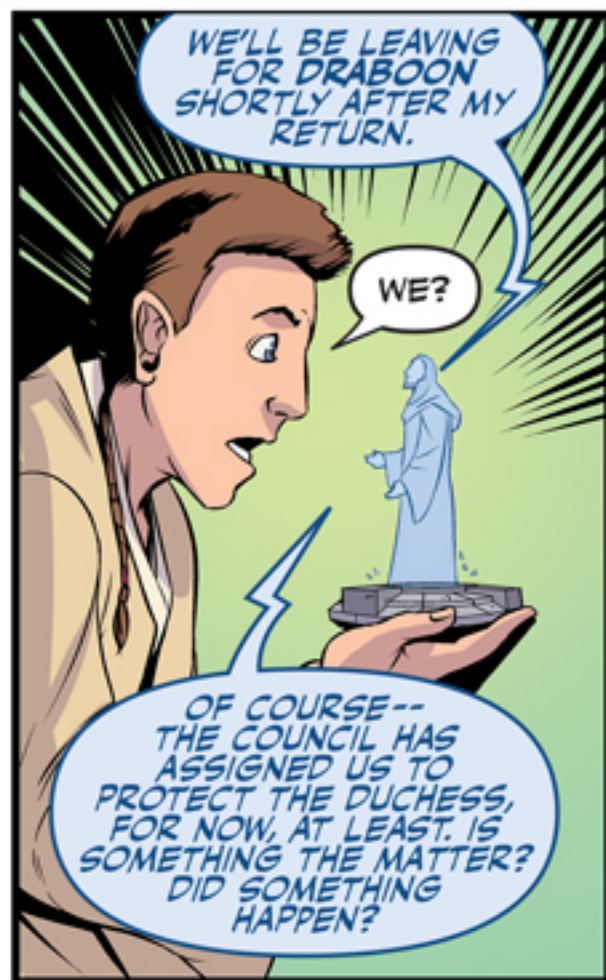
OBI-WAN?
I'VE BEEN
TRYING TO
REACH YOU
FOR HOURS.

RIGHT.
APOLOGIES,
I WAS...
MEDITATING.



REALLY?
I AM GLAD
TO HEAR IT.

I WANTED
TO INFORM YOU THAT
THE COUNCIL AND I ARE
IN AGREEMENT--
MANDALORE IS NO LONGER
SAFE FOR DUCHESS SATINE
KRYZE. THE INSURGENCY
RUNS TOO DEEP. UNTIL
ALMEC AND HIS "NEW
MANDALORIANS" CAN GAIN A
FIRMER POLITICAL FOOTING,
SHE'LL NEED TO BE
HIDDEN OFF-WORLD.



WE'LL BE LEAVING
FOR DRABOON
SHORTLY AFTER MY
RETURN.

WE?

OF COURSE--
THE COUNCIL HAS
ASSIGNED US TO
PROTECT THE DUCHESS,
FOR NOW, AT LEAST. IS
SOMETHING THE MATTER?
DID SOMETHING
HAPPEN?



NO, NO--OF COURSE NOT!
IT'S JUST...WHAT YOU WERE
SAYING GOT ME THINKING.
ABOUT HOW SOMETIMES
FEELINGS CAN BE GOOD,
AND...ABOUT THE LIVING
FORCE...

YES?



I THINK
PERHAPS
I SHOULD
MEDITATE ON
THAT MORE.



A GOOD
CALL, MY
YOUNG
PADAWAN.

THE END

TALES FROM THE FAR, FAR AWAY

STAR WARS





ESCAPE THE TEMPLE

BY

MICHAEL MORECI

ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

MICHAEL PASQUALE

LOR SAN TEKA woke to the sound of crying.

Shaking off the blariness from his deep slumber, Lor stepped close to the eastern wall of the cavernous space he'd been using as his quarters and directed his ear toward the masonry in front of him. The muffled sobbing carried on the cold drafts of air that whistled through the cracks in the solid brick wall; Lor's curiosity had been piqued more than once by the natural deterioration of the Temple of Eedit's interior, and he wondered just how old this sacred place actually was.

"All those people, Lor," Ramaka said, smearing away her tears. "All those lives."

Lor helped Ramaka stand up, holding the Togruta by her shaking hand. Though he was a few years younger than her, he had assumed a role of a spiritual mentor to Ramaka. Still, he embraced the role—initiated it, even. After all, being older than his years was nothing new to Lor.

"What do you mean?" Lor asked, flashing a smile that, he hoped, would help settle Ramaka.

"It's Alderaan, Lor. It...It's..."

"Easy, you can tell me."

"It's gone. Alderaan is gone."

"THE DEATH STAR. LOR HAD NEVER KNOWN IT BY NAME, BUT IN HIS TRAVELS HE'D HEARD OF A MASSIVE BATTLE STATION THAT EMPIRE WAS CONSTRUCTING."

Led by the light of his glowrod, Lor followed the sorrowful sound until he came upon Ramaka, the youngest member of his expedition, alone in the temple's antechamber.

Lor placed his hand on Ramaka's shoulder, softly, extending comfort while also letting her know he was there.

"Ramaka, what is it?"

Ramaka startled at Lor's touch, and when she turned to face him, Lor saw anguish and pity flash in her eyes. Something was terribly wrong.

Lor laughed reflexively, a gasp that spoke to his confusion. "Surely it's not 'gone,'" Lor said. "It's an entire planet, a world with buildings and cities and—"

"No, no," Ramaka said, shaking her head. "The news has bounced all over the galaxy, and it's confirmed. The Empire, they have some kind of super weapon—the Death Star, they say it's called."

The Death Star. Lor had never known it by name, but in his travels he'd heard of a massive battle station that Empire was constructing off the coast of Geonosis, one

the size of a moon and with the capacity to strike its enemies with a power never before witnessed. If it was true, if this Death Star could decimate an entire planet, Lor had no doubt the Empire would use it. The only thing that equaled their boundless cruelty and barbarism was the enterprising ways they found to inflict both upon the galaxy.

"Come," Lor said. "We must find the others."

The Force was about much more than lightsabers, mind tricks, and superhuman abilities. Lor didn't believe this, he knew it. He felt it deep in his bones, in his heart, in his spirit. And he had made it his mission to make sure the Force was not lost, or forgotten, as the Empire worked to snuff its light from existence. Lor had traveled the galaxy far and wide, and he'd felt the Force everywhere he went—some places stronger than others, but it was always there. Flowing through everything and everyone, a beautiful harmony that connected all life together. It gave him peace. It gave him hope.

And Lor knew that as long as he held tightly to his hope—hope that the Jedi would return, that the Empire would be defeated and peace would return to the galaxy—the Force could never be extinguished.

Lor led Ramaka into an enormous hall just beyond the antechamber. He found it hard to believe that, within his own lifetime, the Temple of Eedit stood as a veritable monument to the history of the Jedi. The shadow of its former splendor still remained in the broken statues, decimated columns, and shattered friezes that once decorated the temple, but the Empire had done its best to ruin any trace of the lore

that once was. Lor's lip upturned into a snarl at the very thought of those beasts. The Empire. All that power, all that might, and the best thing they could think to do with it was destroy the past and bankrupt the future.

At the far end of the temple, Lor found Giz'an and Dee, former bounty hunters who the Empire had sicced on Lor. Lor, though, had managed to draw the wedded couple to his side while in their captivity, and they'd been close allies, and friends, since.

"I take it you heard Alderaan blew up," Dee said as she checked the ammunition on her various blasters. Lor was accustomed to her lack of delicacy when it came to sensitive situations. That's just how Weequays were, though Lor knew she possessed hidden depths of kindness and affection beneath her hardened exterior.

"Dee, come on," Giz'an said, poking his wife. "Tact."

"It's quite all right," Lor said, grateful to be surrounded by his friends at such an uncertain and troubling time. "I do know what happened to Alderaan—I just don't know I possess the words to say anything about it. Not without sounding...insufficient."

"Well, then you're really going to be at a loss for words," Giz'an said. "Because there's more."

"More?" Lor questioned.

"Princess Leia Organa was taken from her own ship shortly before Alderaan was destroyed. From what I understand, Darth Vader has her."

Lor huffed. "Undoubtedly squeezing her for all she knows of the Rebellion."

Giz'an took a deep breath and ran his fingers through his long obsidian hair. "Lor, the Empire...it seems to be, how do I say

this? Putting its foot down. Anyone who knows anything knew Alderaan was helping the Rebels. They have Leia, and with what happened to us getting chased off of Lothal, I just—”

“We should go off the grid for a little while,” Dee interrupted, putting into blunt words what Giz'an was fumbling to convey.



Giz'an sighed. Lor knew that he expected a lot from the company he kept, and they, in turn, took disappointment to heart. They defied the Empire with Lor, visited far-off systems that weren't always friendly to outsiders, and penetrated dangerous terrain that, on occasion, even a seasoned adventurer like Lor was lucky to survive.

“Lor, you know we'd stay as long as it took if it was safe,” Ramaka said.

Now it was Lor's turn to sigh, but it was a sigh of acceptance, not of displeasure. His friends were right. They narrowly escaped the Empire at the temple on Lothal, and it was only a matter of time before it tracked them to Devaron. And based on recent events, the Empire was indeed looking to stomp out its opposition once and for all. Which meant Lor, who possessed as much knowledge of the Force and the Jedi as anyone alive, was in the Empire's crosshairs.

“I'm sorry,” Giz'an said.

Lor smile and grasped Giz'an by his shoulder. “All is as the Force wills it to be.”

Their decision to flee, though, came too late. Through the shattered windows that let in the evening's waning light, they heard the whirring of quad ion engines—the sound of a stormtrooper transport vessel approaching.

Lor, Dee, Giz'an, and Ramaka all raised their eyes to the sky. Very few minutes separated them and the moment the stormtroopers stormed the temple, weapons hot.

“Looks like the Force willed us to have company,” Dee said, jamming a charge into her automatic blaster.

“We can distract them,” Giz'an said, motioning Lor and Ramaka toward the underground tunnel that carved beneath the barriers the Imperials had placed around the temple. “You get to the ship and get out of here.”

Lor scoffed. “We won't leave you. We can't.”

“You are leaving,” Giz'an said, moving Lor along. “You know too much about the Force—they'll kill you just to destroy your knowledge. Now go.”

“But Giz'an, they'll take you, they'll—”

Giz'an grasped Lor by his shoulders, regarding his friend with a confident smirk. “Don't worry, Dee and I still have a few tricks up our bounty hunting sleeves. Right, dear?”

“Whatever you say, my love,” Dee said, pressing a scout pistol into Lor's hand. “But in case our tricks are a little rusty, you might need this.”

Lor pressed the pistol back. “I'm afraid not. Violence isn't my way.”

“Worth a try,” Dee shrugged.

“Now, since we are at an impasse as to who stays and who goes, I have a way to settle the matter,” Lor said, walking them all to the courtyard just outside the temple's massive double doors. “We try the lever one last time. If it releases, I go with Dee and Giz'an. If it doesn't, I flee with Ramaka.”

"Lor, we haven't been able to budge that thing in three days of trying," Giz'an said.

"Then it looks like you have nothing to worry about."

Every Jedi temple had its hidden chambers, unmarked passages, and locked compartments. Lor knew this from experience. While this lever was likely the most obvious secret the Temple of Eedit had to offer, Lor had an inkling as to what was inside. And if Lor was right about the contents, it was both essential to his mission and in dire need of safekeeping. Years ago, what he sought would have been considered a bit of arcana; now, it was essential to rebuilding what was lost in the devastating final days of the Clone Wars.

Lor eyed the lever, which was positioned at a forty-five degree angle on the side of a stone pillar. They'd tried to pull the lever down with a system of weights and pulleys; they hoisted a heavy chunk of a broken statue above that single metal arm and dropped it on it, thinking the impact would bring the lever down. It didn't. And now, all they had was an old rope sliced into four pieces—left by sources unknown—hanging from the lever's side.

"EVERY JEDI TEMPLE HAD ITS HIDDEN CHAMBERS."

But Lor had a feeling that this attempt would be different.

"So, we're just going to try to pull this thing down again? That's it?" Dee asked.

"That's it," Lor said, grabbing the rope. In unison, all four of them shifted their weight towards the ground and pulled with all the strength they had. The lever, though, was unresponsive to their tenacity.

Time was running out. The stormtroopers would land; they'd break through the temple's entrance and, in no time at all, have Lor and his party surrounded. And then—Lor didn't know what then. But he could imagine: captivity, advanced interrogation, disappearance. But he couldn't think of that, not now. Instead, Lor closed his eyes and let all his fears fall away from him. He'd known of the Jedi's method of meditation, that of ridding yourself of all emotion and focusing on the moment. Let the Force fill you, let it guide you. He'd practiced this method many times, but he never felt the Force working through him.

That had to change, though. And it had to change now.

In all his years dedicated to the ways of the Force, Lor never asked anything of it in return. He never wanted to. But this was different. Alderaan was in ruins. An entire planet had been extinguished from the galaxy. Lor shuddered at the thought of all those voices screaming in terror and suddenly silenced. What was stopping the Empire from razing Devaron, Lothal, or any planet that offered resistance to its rule? Lor fell deeper into his meditation, focusing on his purpose. He had to keep the light alive—he had to keep the Force alive. In order to do so, he needed its help, right here, right now. The world around Lor went silent. All he could hear was his own heart beating and the sound of his breath. In, then out. He opened his eyes.

The lever began to move.

"You got to be kidding me!" Giz'an said. "After all that, all we had to do was pull it really hard?"

The pillar below the lever slid open, revealing a dozen Jedi training remotes,



"LOR HELD IT UP TO HIS VIEW, MARVELING AT THE SIMPLICITY OF THE OBJECT AND THE IMPORTANCE IT HELD."

swallowed by mossy overgrowth. Behind the remotes, though, was what Lor sought—a single datadisk.

Lor held it up to his view, marveling at the simplicity of the object and the importance it held. He wanted to embrace it, hold it dear. This was one more piece of Jedi history that the Empire wouldn't get its hands on.

"Are we grabbing the rest of the stuff?" Dee asked.

"No," Lor responded, breaking his gaze away from the datadisk. "We came only for this bit of information, nothing more."

"Well, a deal's a deal," Giz'an shrugged. "But we have to go, and now, if Ramaka is going to have a chance to escape."

All eyes turned to Ramaka who couldn't hide how overwhelmed she felt even if she tried.

"I...I can't."

Lor handed her the datadisk and closed her hand around it. "You must. Keep it safe, keep all of it safe, until we meet again."

As if in a trance, Ramaka darted for the tunnel. Lor turned to Dee and Giz'an, who were armed and ready.

"Well, any ideas?" Lor inquired.

Dee bore a sly smile. "Always."

With their blasters casually pointed at his back, Dee and Giz'an led Lor through the narrow crack in the temple's entrance and down the stone walkway—straight toward the squad of stormtroopers that had just disembarked and were heading right for the temple.

"I've always wondered: Why do you wear that mask?" Lor whispered to Giz'an out of the side of his mouth. "You're not Mandalorian."

"I don't know," Giz'an whispered back, his voice muffled through the blue and gray Death Watch mask he'd put on right before they left the temple. "I hope it makes me look cool. And intimidating."

"Well," Lor said with a smile. "It very much does."

"Hush you two," Dee ordered. "Lor's our prisoner, not our friend. Try to stick with the program."

Ahead, three stormtroopers approached, their pace brisk. Five more waited with their ship. Of the three approaching, two trained their blasters on Lor, Dee, and Giz'an, while the centermost trooper, the apparent leader, yelled out:

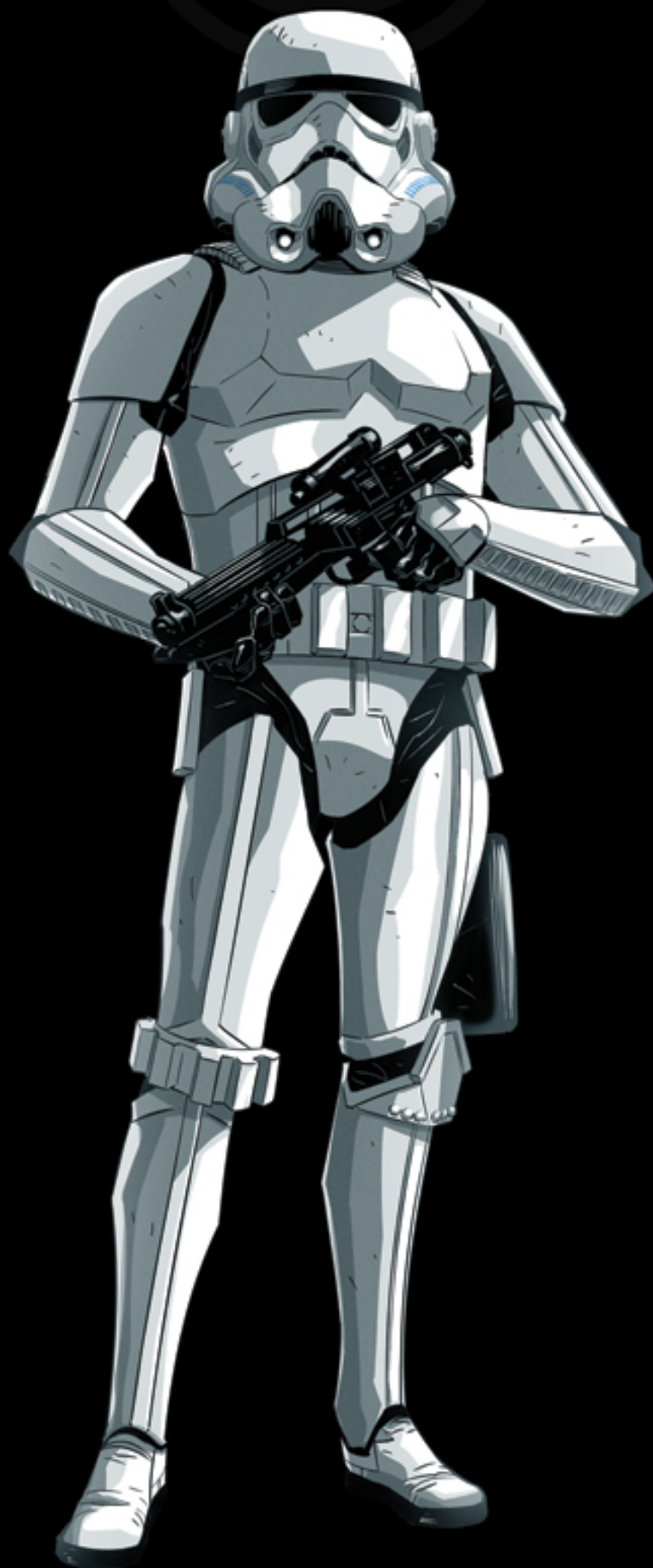
"Halt right there!"

Lor, Dee, and Giz'an did as they were told.

"Looks like we beat you boys to the prize," Giz'an called out. "Fetched ourselves a nice bounty for the Empire."

"Holster your weapons, the both of you, and state your names," the lead trooper commanded, just a few feet away from where Lor stood. Lor took the moment to eye their surroundings. Other than overgrowth of native Devaron vines—which were massive in girth—that grew wild all over the planet and clung, in places, to the walkway's masonry, there was nowhere to turn for protection. They were exposed.

**"HOLSTER YOUR WEAPONS,
THE BOTH OF YOU, AND STATE
YOUR NAMES."**



"I said holster your weapons and state your names!" the lead trooper aggressively repeated. Dee and Giz'an shared a look, then did as they were told.

"I'm Dee, that's is Giz'an. We have a contract with the Empire to capture one Lor San Teeka for a handsome bounty. We did just that, and now we're going to collect."

The lead trooper was silent, and Lor could almost hear him exerting to think.

"Dee and Giz'an, Dee and Giz'an," he muttered. "Wait. I know you—you were in the Empire's employ, but you went rogue. Troopers," he ordered, "take them all into custody."

"Whoa, fellas—fellas," Giz'an said as he walked forward, hands raised. "You have to understand: To snag a bounty, you have to get inside the head of your target. Any hunter can scoop up some enemy of the Empire, turn him in, and collect those sweet credits. But not us. This guy here—this is Lor San Teeka. He's a cult leader. You know what happens when you take down a cult leader?"

Giz'an paused, waiting for the lead trooper to inquire, but he said he didn't take his cue. Still, Giz'an leaned in close to the lead trooper, close enough to place his hand on the back of his shoulder as he addressed his new friend in a conspiratorial tone.

"I'll tell you what happens—a new leader pops up in his place. We've been working this guy, gathering intel, learning his opera—"

"Stop right there," the lead trooper said, disengaging from Giz'an. "Do you really expect me to believe a word of this?"

Giz'an smiled. "No," he said. "No I don't. And I don't need you to."

Before the lead the lead trooper could issue his next command, Giz'an shoved him backwards, directly into his fellow troopers. As the lead trooper stumbled back, Giz'an leapt back towards Dee and Lor, shouting, "Now, now!"

Without hesitation, Dee snapped the detonator in her hand, and a small explosive, which Giz'an placed on the lead trooper's shoulder, erupted. The blast scattered all three troopers and created enough of a diversion for Lor, Dee, and Giz'an to take cover behind a nettle of vines sprouting up above the walkway.

"What now?" Lor asked as blaster fire began to chew into the vines' exterior.

"Now we fight our way out of this," Dee said, her finger dancing on her trigger as she waited for an opening to fire back.

Lor snapped his head around the side of the column and spotted the five other stormtroopers marching towards their position. They fired their blasters in sequence, Lor gathered, smothering the opportunity for return fire. It was just a matter of time before the troopers were on top of them. Maybe Dee and Giz'an would get one or two of them before it was all said and done, but not all five. There was no chance, and Giz'an recognized that.

"On three, I'm going to draw their fire to the center of the walkway—you two head the other direction and don't look back."

"No," Dee said, emphatically refusing her husband's plan as she blindly returned blaster fire over her shoulder. "I won't let you."

"One," Giz'an counted.

"Giz'an, please," Lor said. "We'll surrender and come what may. We must believe in the—"

"No!" Dee yelled as the incoming fire intensified. She grabbed Giz'an's wrist, and Lor saw her softened in a way he'd never seen before. His body trembled at her raw desperation. "Please."

"I love you, Dee, and I will not allow you to be harmed," Giz'an said, his eyes closed as he hugged the vine's wall. Thr—"

Just as Giz'an was to plunge himself in front of a merciless stormtrooper assault, fire rained down from the sky. Incoming laser blasts pulverized the walkway just beyond Lor's position, scattering the stormtroopers. Lor looked up and spotted Dee's ship, a Weequay pirate ship, swooping towards their position. Ramaka, a pacifist like Lor who'd never wielded a weapon in her life, was at the helm, an ear to ear grin on her face.

"IT'S A MAP."

The rear hatch was already open as the ship lowered near Lor, Dee, and Giz'an. They leapt onto the platform as the remaining stormtroopers focused their fire on the ship. Their aim was too poor, and Ramaka's dexterous control provided a clean getaway. The pirate ship shot off into the darkening sky, leaving the temple, and Devaron, behind.

"I thought we shared a stance on violence," Lor said as he stood over Ramaka's chair.

"That wasn't violence, Lor. I only shot the bridge. So, you can think of it as...aggressive redecorating."

Lor chuckled sweetly. "You did magnificently."

When Lor turned, he found Dee waiting for him, arms folded over her chest. "Well?" she asked.

"You want to know what we risked our lives for."

"Oooh," Dee mocked. "So you can use the Force."

Lor smiled. "I just might," he said. "I just might."

Ramaka set them on a course to the Outer Rim, putting as much distance between them and the Empire as possible. At least for now. The crew gathered in the galley, and Lor loaded the datadisk into the ship's drive. When he did, a soft blue projection of stars and planets, just a sliver, illuminated the space above their heads.

**"BUT...THAT'S NO PART OF
THE GALAXY I'VE EVER SEEN."**

"It's a map," Giz'an observed. "But...that's no part of the galaxy I've ever seen."

"This is just part of a map," Lor said. "A very small part, in fact."

"Where does it lead?" Ramaka asked.

Lor turned to his friends, happy to share with them what could very well be the greatest undertaking of their lives. "When complete, it will lead to the very first Jedi temple."

"Wow. Well, okay," Giz'an said, impressed. "What do we do with it?"

"We complete it," Lor replied with a sly smile. "And then we keep it safe until someone comes along who needs it."

"We wait for a Jedi to return."

FIN.

STAR WARS

TALES FROM THE FAR, FAR AWAY...

RISE THE DARKSTAR

CAST

THE PLEDGE

Art JOHN BROGLIA

Colors SHAUN STEVEN STRUBLE

Color Assists VITTORIO ASTONE & ANTHONY CUIZON

INFILTRATOR

Art DREW ZUCKER

Colors VITTORIO ASTONE

FALLEN

Art K.R. WHALEN

Colors AXUR ENEAS

RISE THE DARKSTAR

Art KENDALL GOODE

Colors DEE CUNNIFFE

Stories TIM DANIEL

Letters ADAM WOLLET

SEEDS OF REBELLION

CAST

TOUCHING DARKNESS

Art PHILLIP SEVY

Colors JUANCHO VELEZ & DAVE BARON

RONIN

Art MORGAN LUTHI

Stories MICHAEL MORECI

Letters JIM CAMPBELL

FORBIDDEN

CAST

Art DAVID STOLL

Colors SARAH STERN

Letters TROY PETERI

Story RYAN CADY

ESCAPE THE TEMPLE

Written by MICHAEL MORECI

Illustrations by MICHAEL PASQUALE

COVERS

MEHDI CHEGGOUR & PHILLIP SEVY

MICHAEL MORECI

To the six-year-old me, who wanted to do nothing more than make Star Wars stories all day. We're doing it, kid.

TIM DANIEL

This is for the misfits and mongrels who have the courage to overcome obstacles and forge their own path.

RYAN CADY

To my old Rogue Squadron back home.